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OF CLUTHA.

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MEMORIALS OF CLUTHA;

OR,

PENCILLINGS ON THE CLYDE.

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OR

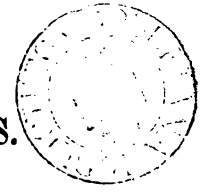
PENCILLINGS ON THE CLYDE;

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWELVE

HIGHLY FINISHED LITHOGRAPHIC VIEWS.

BY

ELVIRA ANNA PHIPPS.



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TO

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

DUNCAN DARROCH,

LAIRD OF GOUROCK,

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH THE HIGHEST RESPECT AND ESTEEM,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFATORY ADDRESS.

Reader! as from some accident, however trivial, you have been led to open my pages, I wish to have a side whisper with you, before your eye shall glance any further.

In one of my old dusty school-books, I remember having often had to parse this sentence, "Disappointment sinks the heart of man." No one ever doubted the truth of this; and, therefore, we shall do well to guard against disappointment in little things as well as in greater ones. It is for this reason that I wish to prepare you for what you must expect, if you condescend to read these pages; for, I feel convinced, that all depends upon who and what you are—whether you like my provisions or not. If you are a philosopher, elbow deep in the dust of centuries, you will frown, and say, 'I never touch a book written by a lady.' Then, sir, make your bow and go off—though it be to return to your mesmerism, and magnetism, and all the *isms*, not excepting rheum*atism*. If you are a blue-stocking lady fair, you will not be much better pleased nei-

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ther; for you will find nothing here but pure, unadulterated English — no classical quotations — no *accidental* intimations that German, Spanish, and Italian authors are favorites with me—nay, I do not even quote from the Gallic tongue, because (however customary that may be,) I see no necessity for inflicting these tacit reproaches on *ourselves*; and, as one of great modern note, adviseth his son, saying, "Never let yourself down, my boy, to write *poetry*;" so do I hear my mother tongue saying unto me—"Never let yourself down to write *French*." But, if you will forgive me this peculiarity, I offer myself to you with the promise of affording some innocent entertainment, at those times and seasons when the mind must be taken off its stretcher—when illness, or sorrow, or lassitude, prompts to what is called *light reading*.

It may be a prejudice of mine, but I certainly am very fond of my *native* tongue—find a richness in it which contents me well—and am envious to preserve its purity from the contaminations by which it is so often threatened.

Now let me tell for whom I write. I write for one who thirsts after the beauties of creation, and can drink in a draught of nature's pure joys, without

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feeling satiety or disgust. I write for one who looks not only at created good, but at the 'Giver of all good,' and can say,

> "Thou art, of all thy gifts, thyself the crown,
> "Give what thou wilt—without thee we are poor—
> "And with thee rich—take what thou wilt away."

Creation is to such a one a kaleidescope. He turns it, and his senses are overwhelmed with ecstacy, at the beautiful configurations it displays. He turns again, and finds a new combination as enchanting as any that preceded it. With child-like rapture he discovers that he has in his possession a magic instrument, which shall furnish him with an infinite succession of enjoyments whenever he pleases to resort to it. But there are some who have never handled this instrument aright. It has, indeed, occasionally fallen in their way; but they have looked through the *wrong end* of it; so, that while others were enjoying its splendours, *they*, with an ignorance and neglect unpardonable, have noticed only the little shapeless fragments, and pronounced them despicable. Need we wonder that such men should be *Atheists?* though of such, we trust, there are few. *Their* end of the keleidescope presents nought but confusion and *chance*, in the jostling together of he-

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terogeneous particles, for whose collocations they can assign no intelligible cause. The *Christian's* end of the kaleidescope depicts beauty resulting from harmonious adjustment, and adjustment the operation of *design.*

It shall be my humble endeavour to hold the Kaleidescope of Nature before the eye of my reader, and to turn it for him in such a way, that, at every fresh view he may exclaim, "O Lord! how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches."

Now, therefore, that I have explained the end at which I aim, I will give another intimation, and that is, the scenes which I describe shall all be within the range of Her Majesty's dominions; and, to circumscribe them a little more, I shall, to use a statesman-like expression, confine myself to the *home department.* England! Scotland! Wales! and Ireland! I am proud to think that I so well know your beauties; while others, who have written volumes of foreign travel, must own that they have barely looked upon your features. But let that pass. Wanton neglect should be treated with contempt.

"Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
"And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

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Blush, ye sons of Albion! when *your* flower, unnoticed, has captivated a stranger's eye. Blush, when ye hear the *foreigner* in ecstacies with scenes which *you* never deigned to examine. With these introductory remarks, I now request the reader's *good humoured* companionship in my perambulations, or, as they literally were, 'pencillings' on the Clyde.

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PENCILLINGS ON THE CLYDE.

CHAPTER I.

They who visit London only for a few weeks in the year, can scarcely comprehend the feelings with which a Londoner visits the country. The excitement is as great in his case as in theirs—the change is as great—and the enjoyment of each gains by contrast. How delightful, then, to those who have passed winter and spring in the "crowded coop" of the great metropolis, is the dawn of that day on which they may take wing, and enjoy the free air of Albion's hill and dale! Such were my feelings when I set off one lovely morning in the August of 1840, with the pleasant prospect of a trip to Scotland. I had a friend with me whose immediate destination was for Manchester. The reader will, therefore, understand that I am to loiter awhile over some intermediate scenes, and then I promise to whirl him away from the noisy haunts of man, and give him a rich treat in some of nature's lovliest regions.

What an amusing thing it is to watch the busy throng which gathers round a starting train! When your own luggage is nicely packed, your ticket secured, and all the little et ceteras off your mind, you are at liberty to amuse yourself with the passing

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scene. It would be difficult to give a correct notion of a railway train to one who had never seen such a thing, and now, few probably, except some timid ones, either *very old* or *very young*, refuse to trust their precious limbs by such a conveyance.

I have often looked down from a height upon a distant train, and thought how much it resembled a huge black caterpillar or centipede, making its steady, determined course through the plain. But now for the passengers. What a motley throng! Now for a practical lesson in physiognomy. Who can resist it? Who so modest that they will not profit by the general confusion, to take in some telegraphic notices of what is passing in other minds, and other hearts? For myself, I think this is a universal privilege. Would not a journey become insupportably monotonous, were we blindfolded through it? The jealous Turk or Mussulman may drive about his fair captive thus, but we free-born Englishwomen like to assert our privilege, "to see and to be seen." In fact, what poor innocent fools we should be, if, to bit and bridle, the blinker were added, and we were led through life with "eyes and no eyes." Therefore, good reader, expect me to have my eyes about me, yes, and my ears too; and, if from these two scouts, I do not obtain some satisfactory intelligences, the land I'm in quest of is not worth having—that's all.

Well! what an astonishing mixture of high and low, rich and poor, bipeds and quadrupeds, game and gammon, fish, flesh, and fowl, not "two of every

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sort," into this modern ark, but twos upon twos till they can cram no more. What has happened? Is war, pestilence, or famine driving them from the great Babylon? No such thing; they are all going on individual interests, and the great Babylon will never miss them. Now the huge stentor begins to puff and bellow, the shrill whistle sounds, the last door is slammed, and we go panting off in solemn projectile, in important elongation!

It is time now to scrutinize our companions for the day. So each one thinks. It is amusing to see the air of apparent indifference with which each one eyes the rest. If there be friends travelling together, you may watch certain ocular telegraphs between them, and, if you quietly fall back, and assume a post of silent observation, you will presently be amused at their proceedings, as the restraint gradually wears off, and they begin to develop *in little things* their natural characters.

It was our lot this day to be *classified* with some of those peculiar people called Quakers! No sooner were we comfortably settled in our berths, than up came a good old *friend* with his wife and daughter, who were destined to be our fellow travellers. There was a simplicity and mildness about him which instantly won my attention. What care he took of his darling! the partner of his joys and sorrows. How many cautions and mementos passed their lips, each anxious that the other might be safe and happy! The thoughtful wife wishes to chase away the gloom

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which she is conscious her absence must shed over their dwelling. "I wish *thee* were going with us, love —promise me *thee* will drink tea with friend— there is nothing better when *thee is* in affliction." Again and again he questions them: "*Has thee* thy cedar pencil, thy ticket, and thy purse?" It was a pleasant thing to witness even his over-anxious care. Alas! thought I, how many miss the kind attentions which habit has rendered so familiar to this happy pair! Once more the good old man peeped in at the window of the carriage, to remind them of the dark tunnels they had to pass through, "and," added he with a significant smile, "*thee will* pass through darkness, but *thee will* also pass through light." The words fell with pleasure on my ear, indicating much more than mere sickly sentiment. They were those of an aged pilgrim in this vale of tears, one who had seen both sunshine and rain, and he would tell us to expect the one and the other. Hope, the Christian's hope, was surely sparkling in his bosom: it seemed to light a kindred feeling in mine, as I lingered on the dying sound, "thou wilt pass through darkness, but thou shalt also pass through light." Who would not hail this as a precious beacon, and apply it, in all its force and sweetness, to the journey of life? Who would refuse to couple with it that gracious promise of holy writ, "The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, he shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming

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in from this time forth and for evermore." Such was the train of thought and feeling awakened in my bosom by this good old man, whose name I never learned, and whom probably I shall never see again. We were now moving slowly on an inclined plane till we could put on steam.

Hitherto I have said nothing of our young quakeress, who appeared a lively girl of sixteen, in high spirits at being for the first time in her life on a railroad. She had wisely provided herself with food for the mind as well as the body; and my curiosity was excited to know the contents of the old volume she held in her hand. A peep over her shoulder informed me that she had chosen for her companion "Meditations among the tombs!" Now, for what reason I cannot tell, but it is a certain fact that I never could relish good Mr. Hervey's Meditations, nor have I as yet met with any one who could read them *through*.

Not that I would disparage the work, but I believe there are very few who like to wander with its author into the deep recesses of melancholy. That a sprightly girl of sixteen should be reading it so intently, astonished me the more. It seemed to be lulling her into a kind of soliloquy, for we had not proceeded far when the book was dropped, and I heard a voice sufficiently loud, which led me to examine who could be talking, as all our party seemed perfectly still. At last I perceived that *she* was the speaker, and from what I could gather it was a most solemn interrogatory, as though her mind had been wrought up to

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imagine herself already a tenant of those dismal regions. She saw me listening, but she heeded it not, and her soliloquizings were repeated at intervals for some length. Still there was a striking contrast between these *grave* meditations, and the sudden burst of animal spirits as the eye met some interesting, though fleeting object. And nature's wants too were to be supplied! so our young heroine and her sober mother did not forget to apply themselves to the basket of provisions, I perceived that the young one had a decided taste for plums!

But a truce to these remarks on our fellow-travellers. There is much in a journey calculated to turn our thoughts inwards. The power of association is never more strongly felt than during such a season:

"With easy force
It opens all the cells where mem'ry slept!"

Other scenes in which we have performed a part—other meetings and greetings; the agonizing farewell or the ecstatic welcome; the home forsaken or the home in view—who has not found visions of such things revived, as swiftly he journeys on?

* * * * *

What a noisy, dirty, smoky place is Manchester; but I shall know it better soon. At present I must court,

"Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep"

But, good reader, do not expect that you are to be

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detained long over the details of adventure in a manufacturing town; that is not my object. Still you shall have some intimations concerning this "busy haunt of man," because there are other scenes in store for you which will gain by contrast. Manchester is indeed a specimen of human industry and activity. What a crowd of anxious thoughts and cares are daily passing to and fro in this world of mind! Every one is eagerly intent upon the accumulation of wealth. They "rise early" and "late take rest," and "eat the bread of carefulness." The "wise man" took an accurate estimate of the "labour under the sun," when he came to the conclusion that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." At the same time he was not a morose despiser of earthly comforts; for we find him likewise saying, that man should "rejoice and do good in his life," and "eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labour: it is the gift of God."—

Among the various incidents which travellers are expected to relate—the manner in which the sabbath has been passed—that day on which we are to gather up "manna for the week,"—is a topic which ought not to appear altogether uninteresting.

I shall therefore, with the reader's permission, give an accurate description of a scene which, as a passing traveller, I happened to witness in one of the churches of this manufacturing town. Manchester has so many that it would have been difficult to determine which to enter, had not the announcement of a popular

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preacher, who was to make an appeal in behalf of the choir, induced me to enter that known by the name of "All Saints." The Rev. R. M——— had repaired hither for this purpose. But before I enter upon the subject of the preacher's discourse, I will give the reader some idea of the scene of his ministrations, because it forms a striking contrast with the simplicity which I afterwards observed in the Scotch churches. There was indeed a degree of "pomp and circumstance" attending the procedure which could not fail to attract a stranger's eye. There was much to captivate the senses, for great attention had been paid to the "getting up" of the musical performances. I almost doubted whether I were not sitting in an opera house. The orchestra consisted of eight celebrated performers, two of them female voices of extraordinary power. The "Cantate Domino," and the "Deus Miseratur" were splendid. In the "Anthem," one of the females performed a long solo, standing up in the face of the whole congregation, and filling the house with her powerful voice. In the "Cantate Domino," the passage running thus, "let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is—let the floods clap their hands," etc., was performed with singular effect. Suddenly the whole choir burst out with tremendous noises; each voice seemed a discord, and yet the combined effect was harmony. The organ rattled out its thunders, and the rolling of the tumultuous waves was admirable; but alas! alas; how can a conscientious clergyman tolerate such a desecration

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of the house of God? While the senses are thus captivated and enthrilled, it is impossible to concentrate the faculties of the soul in the simple service of Jehovah. The preacher's text was taken from John i. 29, A text of unrivalled simplicity which "he that runs may read."—The language was highly ornamented, and the manner that of a dignified orator. The style was deeply argumentative, and beyond the distinct apprehension of the ordinary run of hearers. The latter part of the discourse was entirely upon Calvinism. The preacher said that he had deeply studied the "Institutes," and he gave us a long Latin quotation from them. He then stated that much of the erroneous opinion current in the present day on the subject of Calvinism, has its source in people not knowing that Calvin, in the latter part of his life, held doctrines quite opposed to those published in his Institutes at the age of twenty-one; and, added the preacher, "I would rather take a spark of *hell* into my bosom than adopt some of the doctrines contained in those Institutes!"

At the close of this discourse collections were made from pew to pew, though silver had already been taken from every one at the door. No allusion whatever was made by the preacher to the purpose of the collection. A doxology was then *performed* by the orchestra, and Handel's Hallelujah chorus closed the scene.

During my stay at Manchester, I had some opportunities of seeing the military parades of the ——

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foot, and on one occasion of witnessing a special parade which was the first time the whole regiment had been assembled since their return from Corfu. They are remarkably fine men. Parade over, the band began to play before the mess room. It is a very good one, and is superintended by a German, who thoroughly understands the science. Some of the ladies had brought their children with them, and the sanctum of her Majesty's officers was for awhile turned into a nursery! Luncheon was served, and we became the guests of the officers present. There was such a mixing of wine and water, and popping of effervescent lemonade, that the honorable and gallant gentlemen in attendance must have found it no sinecure!—On another occasion I was enabled to hear the band of the —— dragoon guards at the botanical gardens. Here I was much amused by one of the officers of —— an Irishman, whose Irish fondness for cousinship afforded some entertainment. He took care to inform me that he is of the Beresford family, and that one of his ancestors was the celebrated countess of Desmond. I remember to have taken a sketch of her tomb (which is considered a great antiquarian curiosity), at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross near Cashel. I laughed heartily at his account of the old countess cutting a wisdom tooth when she was 102 years old! and seeing me incredulous, he assured me that the fact was recorded in the annals of the family!—The band performed well, and the cornet à pistons was remarkably well played.

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We had some fine passages from Norma and La Somnambula.

The citizens of Manchester are celebrated for their passion for music, and they spare no expense in the gratification of this taste. They have subscription concerts, for which the sum of 3000£. is annually raised. I attended one of these, at which some of the first London singers performed. Madame Grisi was received with enthusiastic cheers. She sang several solos, and among others a fine passage from Norma; but her most exquisite performance was Rode's celebrated variations. Her upper notes were liquid and melodious as those of a nightingale, and apparently performed with as much ease. She and Tamburini sang a most amusing duet (La Lezione di Canto.) Tamburini pretended to be teaching her to sing—gave her the do-re-mi, and then each Italian vowel—she hung upon it for a prodigious length of time, apparently determined not to give it up, and he stared and gestured like a man who had set an alarum off and could not stop it. The effect was most ludicrous, and met with enthusiastic applause. The room was brilliantly illuminated, and the rich dresses of the ladies, and showy uniforms of the officers, especially the cavalry, lent their aid to increase the dazzling effect.

And now the time is come when I am to exchange the tumultuous haunts of man, for the peaceful scenes of nature in some of her loveliest regions. What I have just been delineating, is only the cast off finery

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of the great metropolis. It has not been amiss that I have lately been buried in the dense population of a dirty manufacturing town; for will not the other appear more attractive by contrast? Scotland! thou hast the advantage; thou wilt surely win me now: I long to see thy shores, thy watery zone!

Again we venture our precious lives on a railway train. One hour brought us to Liverpool. At Newton we passed the tablet erected on the roadside to poor Mr. Huskisson, who was killed close to this spot. We shot through Liverpool, and though passing from one element to another, we were again to be propelled by steam.

As night came on, the scene grew very dismal. I shall not attempt to describe it, lest I should merit the censure which our poet Cowper has so comically expressed:

> "Some men employ their health, (an ugly trick!)
> "In making known how oft they have been sick—
> "Nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot,
> "Nose, eyes, and ears, seem all upon the spot.
> "They thought they must have died, they were so bad,
> "Their peevish hearers almost wish they had;—"

However this night of misery was quickly forgotten, and every feeling of the soul was as it were concentrated in that of out-stretched expectation, at the scene gradually unfolding to our view. I got on deck at day-break, and was pleased to discover land. It was the Ayrshire coast, but the haziness of the

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morning rendered it scarce visible. Presently, we passed close along the Craig of Ailsa, a very singular conical rock, standing by itself in deep sea, so deep that the largest ships of the navy can sail close to it. The soundings are 366 fathoms.

I was fortunate in meeting with a very communicative fellow passenger, a Scotchman, who, seeing that I was a stranger to the scene, took every pains to instruct me. We were now sailing with the Ayrshire coast to our right; on the left we were close to the lovely Isle of Arran. Beyond Arran, as far as the eye could reach, lay the Mull of Cantire and the Peninsula of Argyllshire. We passed the Pladda Light House, and then sailed close along the isle of Arran. It was lovely indeed; the mist was playing on the hills; the sea-gull hovering over the dark waves, now dipping for its prey, it snatched an early meal; now spreading its white wings, it crossed the field of vision, telling a pretty contrast against the gloomy rocks behind. Lamlash harbour opened upon us gradually; it is a natural harbour between the Holy Isle and the mainland of Arran. The water is very deep on both sides of the island, so that ships can at any time run in and take shelter behind it. Sometimes there are no less than forty sail in the harbour. Holy Island is not inhabited, but abounds with rabbits. The town of Lamlash came before us; it is a favorite watering place. Brodick, a pretty town higher up, now appeared.

A gleam of sunshine suddenly lightened up the

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beauties of the shore. My Scotch friend procured a telescope, and I had a good view of both these towns, and the cultivated fields around them. We next came opposite the town of Irvine on the Ayrshire coast: higher up is Ardrossan, where Lord Eglintoun is constructing a harbour for the steam boats connected with the railway between this place and Glasgow, by which means the communication between Liverpool and Glasgow, will be rendered still more rapid.

Turning again to the left, I found myself just opposite Goatfell, the highest peak among the mountains of Arran. It is 2930 feet above the level of the sea, and is composed of granite which has forced its way in an extraordinary manner through the superincumbent strata. It is considered a great geological curiosity, being on many accounts an interesting specimen of the primary formation.

I understand that a numerous body of scientific men from the British Association now sitting in Glasgow, are on the point of visiting this place collectively, and they will doubtless find much to interest them in so important a field of geological observation. I was not a little anxious to obtain a sight of those lofty peaks; but alas! I watched in vain to see if yon selfish clouds would allow me one peep at the beauties they concealed. Sometimes indeed, as if to tantalize me, they half lifted the veil, and shewed me the lowest peak; but in a moment, as though jealous of my stranger gaze, they collected in

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one heavy battalion, and enveloped in thick darkness their well guarded treasure. None but those who have viewed this sublime mountain, can form an adequate idea of my mortification and disappointment. But I live in hopes of better success on some future day. We were now at the entrance of Loch Fine to our left: our own course lay close along the Cumbræ islands. They lie in the frith, just between the Ayrshire coast and the mainland of Bute. We slackened steam for some passengers who wished to be put down at Milport in the great Cumbræ. These were Captain and Mrs. T—— and their servants; I learned that Captain T—— is to have the command of three vessels in the Niger expedition. We were now opposite Fairlie on the Ayrshire coast: then came Largs, a well-built town higher up; where there are some elegant stone houses, and a good quay. I had a fine view of Kelburne, Lord Glasgow's seat, where the poor Marchioness of Hastings died last year. The castle is an ancient one, and being white-washed, has a pretty effect at a distance, when seen among the thick foliage. It stands half-way between Fairlie and Largs. The Kyles of bute were now opening to our left, and the pretty town of Rothsay, built along the margin of the bay, had a cheerful appearance. I was pleased to see the two opposite shores apparently attracting each other, and the distance between them gradually diminishing. Innerkip was now to our right. The verdant hills and rocky mountains form what I may call a useful back-

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ground, shewing off to the best advantage, the work of man along the shore. 'Twere well if man would always consider whether his works are calculated to improve or to deface nature; now and then by chance he seems to assist her.

Dunoon made its appearance on the left. The interest of the scene was increasing every moment. opposite Dunoon, our Scotch friend pointed out the beautiful estate of Sir Michal Shaw Stewart, the noble, the picturesque, the lovely Ardgowan! Every beauty that imagination can conceive or memory recal is centred here. I saw the noble mansion peeping through its body guard of forest veterans, that perchance have seen century after century roll over their heads, and only gathered fresh vigour in the lapse of ages. I saw them wave their proud heads, as though boasting of the posts they had so long maintained. I saw the verdant slope, the rocky hill, the peasant's nest, the rich pasture, the winding road, the over-hanging trees; I saw the every thing that could lend its aid in rendering as enchantment's vision, that which was beheld in the full sunshine of real life.— Sunshine did I say? If taken literally 'twere not correct, for 'few and far between' were the gleams which that day saw but I mean by sunshine in this connexion, those palpable realities which broad day-light shews, as contrasted with the thousand fantastic visions of a twilight hour.

Many, and varied sensations now rapidly succceded each other. I thought how pleasant it was to feel

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ourselves actually sailing into the Clyde; the motion dying away—our invalids gradually crawling on deck, and smiling at the change which a few hours had wrought in their perspective! It was not easy to control the feelings, and maintain one's self-possession.—And is it possible, thought I, that but a few hours ago, I was buried in all the smoke, and noise, and bustle of that dirty Manchester, and now I am suddenly transported into these romantic regions? There is but one way of accounting for the contrast:

"God made the country, and man made the town;"

says my favourite Cowper. Well! on we sailed, and oh! the impatience of that moment when our Scotch friend told us that we were within two miles of Gourock. Having passed the Cloch Light-house, we gradually made our way towards the promontory of Gourock, or Kempoch Point, as it is called. On our left were the beautiful openings of the Holy Loch and Loch Long. Now for the pretty village of Gourock; a few cottages on this side the promontory —but when we had passed it, the coast was thickly set with them. 'There's the General's house, standing back, half concealed in the foliage.' I kept my eye steadily fixed on the mansion as we sailed by it, wondering what happy days were in store for me there!

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CHAPTER II.

Oh! the delight of curiosity gratified when the thing surpasses one's expectations! The scenery on the Renfrewshire Coast is very pretty between Gourock and Greenock, but on the opposite side, that is, the Dumbartonshire Coast, it is more than pretty, it is sublime. The mountains give a dignified character to the whole scene. The neat little town of Helensburg now lay to our left, skirting the shore. Soon we came in sight of Greenock; its handsome quay and stately Custom House drew my attention. Now for the luggage! they are all running for it as men do to a bank, when they think there's going to be a pressure. Little ceremony you may expect when the rights of property are to be maintained. We were glad to see Captain D. ready to conduct us to the carriage, and soon we found ourselves at Gourock, surrounded by the hospitality and kindness of the General, and the different branches of his family.

Gourock House is beautifully situated, on a rising ground, commanding a view of the whole bay. The grounds are very pretty. At the back of the mansion there is a steep grassy hill, to the right of which, is a beautiful glen and cascade, with a rugged, but picturesque pathway through the trees. I love to

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wander here, and watch the trickling stream that murmurs through the glade. It is quite a poet's hiding place. Above the glen, is a wild, romantic spot, thickly wooded, and in this recess is the family mausoleum. It is pleasant, indeed, to visit the quiet resting place of the dead, when you can do so "in sure and certain hope" that the departed ones are waiting for a glorious resurrection. The tomb of the Christian has a peculiar sanctity thrown around it, something far more imposing than the stately monument which the art of man erects in the vain hope of inspiring the mind with veneration for the dead. To me such fabrics bring any thing but pleasant reflections. I look at them as a mere mockery of feeling; a cold, useless attempt to extort, by artifice, those tributary tears which ought only to be grateful when they proceed from genuine, unasked-for sympathy. Hence I admire the simple tablets which this family have reared. The sacred text, rendered doubly sacred because uttered by the dying breath of the dear departed one; because indicative of the train of thought and feeling with which they passed into the unseen world!—ah, does not this speak volumes? does it not pour insignificance and contempt on the vain marble that speaks of the personal attractions, the mental endowments, or the heroic achievements of a being long since summoned to appear alone before the bar of the Almighty; to stand divested of all that had excited the attention and rivetted the admiration of his fellow beings;—a soul

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that is left, perhaps, poor and blind, naked and miserable for ever.

Ah! it is well to think of immortality—well to meet with that which will remind us of a world beyond the grave, and sweet beyond expression to connect with the thought a knowledge of our own individual interest in Him who "hath brought life and immortality to light."—"ENTER NOT INTO JUDGEMENT WITH THY SERVANT, O LORD, FOR IN THY SIGHT SHALL NO MAN LIVING BE JUSTIFIED." This sacred inscription mottoed the portals of the dead. I felt I was treading on "holy ground." I felt I had no business to pass that spot without offering the same prayer for myself. I then approached the iron gate, and, though a stranger to those whose mortal remains where lying within, I felt there was a something which linked me to them: to her, especially, whose dying moments have been so sweetly described to me by her daughter. It reminds me of my own sainted mother, and would it were in my power to visit *her* earthly resting place, and indulge in hallowed sympathies, while imagination, guided by the oracles of truth, would picture her place in the heavenly temple, wearing a crown of glory, and tuning her harp to sing the song of "Moses and the Lamb." There is nothing *gloomy* in musings o'er the *pious* dead. "We sorrow not as others who have no hope;"—but I must now pass on to other scenes. "It is good to be here," even among "the mountains and the tombs;" but our minds are so constituted that they cannot

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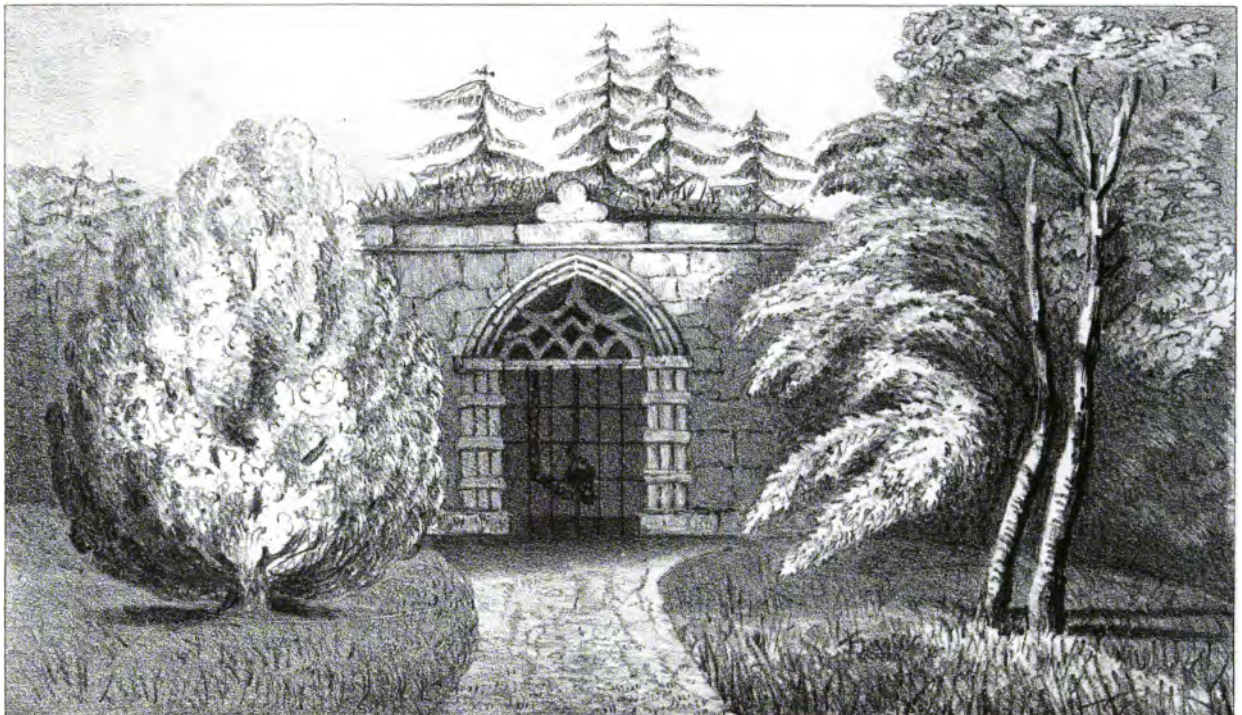

Drawn from Nature & on Stone by E.A.Phipps. Printed by L.M.Lefevre.

Family Mausoleum.

"And wouldst thou seek thy Mother in the Grave?
(For 'tis the Grave I speak of,) there is rest!"

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long dwell on any subject purely spiritual. I now descend the verdant slope, and have a lovely view of the Clyde and her gigantic shores. The promontory of Gourock is stretched out before me; the cottages are sparkling in the sun-shine: the glassy waters are reflecting a bright blue sky; the foliage round the house is beautifully sprinkled with lights; the sheep are quietly grazing on the hill, and all is silent loveliness. In truth, I am feasting on the works of God. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all, the earth is full of thy riches."

The services of the Sabbath are not so congenial to my taste, as those of our English churches. I miss the beautiful Liturgy: nothing, to my mind, can compensate for its loss. I feel vexed that it is not *so* appreciated here, as to be adopted. It is impossible that the minister, in an extemporary prayer, can embrace the varied feelings of persons in different states of mind, or can so adapt his petitions as to suit all their wants. He must necessarily be influenced by the temperament of his own mind, which may be very different from that of his people. He may be highly gifted, his language may be copious, yet, after all, it is very possible, that many a soul, of peculiar temperament, may not find relief from such prayers; and especially for this reason, the mind is not prepared for what is coming. The beauty of our Liturgy consists in its having been so framed as to comprehend every thing, every state of mind, every

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need, whether of the individual Christian, or of the Church of God collectively. Its very language is *Scripture* as well as *scriptural.* It would be an interesting employment to form a marginal reference to our prayer-book, showing how much of the Liturgy is in the exact words of Scripture. But this difference between the English and Scotch worship is, after all, of *minor* importance. In all points of doctrine they are *essentially* the same. And, in respect to church discipline, our sister country must, undeniably claim the palm.

CHAPTER III.

On one of those fine bright mornings, which, it must be confessed "come few and far between," in this land of mists, I set off, with a pleasant party, on a trip to Fairlie, seventeen miles lower down the Clyde. The road lay inland for the first five miles, and I was in ecstasies with the infinite variety of views which it afforded. Every few yards presented a totally different scene; and, indeed, I believe that there is scarcely a spot in England which yields such constant diversity of scenery within so small a compass. The richly cultivated glens—the moors purple with hether—the majestic woods, shewing every species of fir—the river Kip winding so prettily through the valley—the lights peeping through the boughs that

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verhung our way—the sun-beams darting across the oad, and sprinkling it with every hue—the peeps of pretty scenery, caught at through the windings of the lane—the cottages of the peasantry, with their curling smoke, which, oftentimes, is the only sign of habitation in the dark recesses of a wood; these, and a thousand other, untold beauties, kept my eye gazing with rapture, till, having passed through the lands of Ardgowan, and the pretty town of Innerkip, suddenly a turn in the road presented me with the beauties of the Clyde. Loch Long and the Holy Loch never appeared more lovely. But how shall I describe the sensations I felt, when suddenly my eye lighted on the peaks of Arran, faintly visible—yes, those very peaks which I had been so impatiently, so ardently, looking for, as we sailed close by Arran in the Liverpool steamer. Now I was, indeed, gratified. For twelve miles I had Arran full in view, with its lofty hills peering into the clear blue sky. The road to Fairlie from Innerkip is very beautifully diversified. Largs, which is three miles from Fairlie, is a remarkably good town, and is much resorted to as a watering place. Having reached our destination, and received many fresh proofs of Scotch hospitality from the several families to whom we had been introduced, we were not sorry to avail ourselves of this opportunity to reconnoitre for a few days the interesting neighbourhood—interesting to both the painter and the historian. The sketch which I now bring before the reader's attention is that of an old Danish

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Castle at Fairlie, situated in a most romantic spot, on the edge of a deep and beautiful glen, through which the mountain torrent comes dashing down in a waterfall.

This Castle is one, among the many, which the Danes erected in Scotland. I am told that there was a battle fought in this neighbourhood, between the Norwegians and the Scots, in the middle of the thirteenth century. Human bones, warlike weapons, and ancient coins have been discovered, in corroboration of this fact. About seven miles beyond Fairlie another of these ancient castles remains to tell of 'by-gone days;' and, its situation close down upon the shore, with the formidable range of rocks, known by the name of Fairlie Head, is truly romantic. Here the contemplative wanderer might often linger; and many a train of thought, suggested by the peculiar features of the spot, rivetted me to it, while I watched the variegated streaks of dazzling brightness, that hovered over the Isle of Bute at the departure of the setting sun. There lay rusting on the beach, an old cannon, which, of itself, created a world of 'associated thought!' It was a tell-tale of frustrated ambition; a memento of sudden and awful desolation, planted there by the waves that had engulfed the Spanish Armada; for many a vessel of that renowned fleet had perished on this coast. I lingered over this trophy signal of a vanquished host, this grave-stone of the mighty and the brave, with some such feelings as the Israelite of old may be sup-

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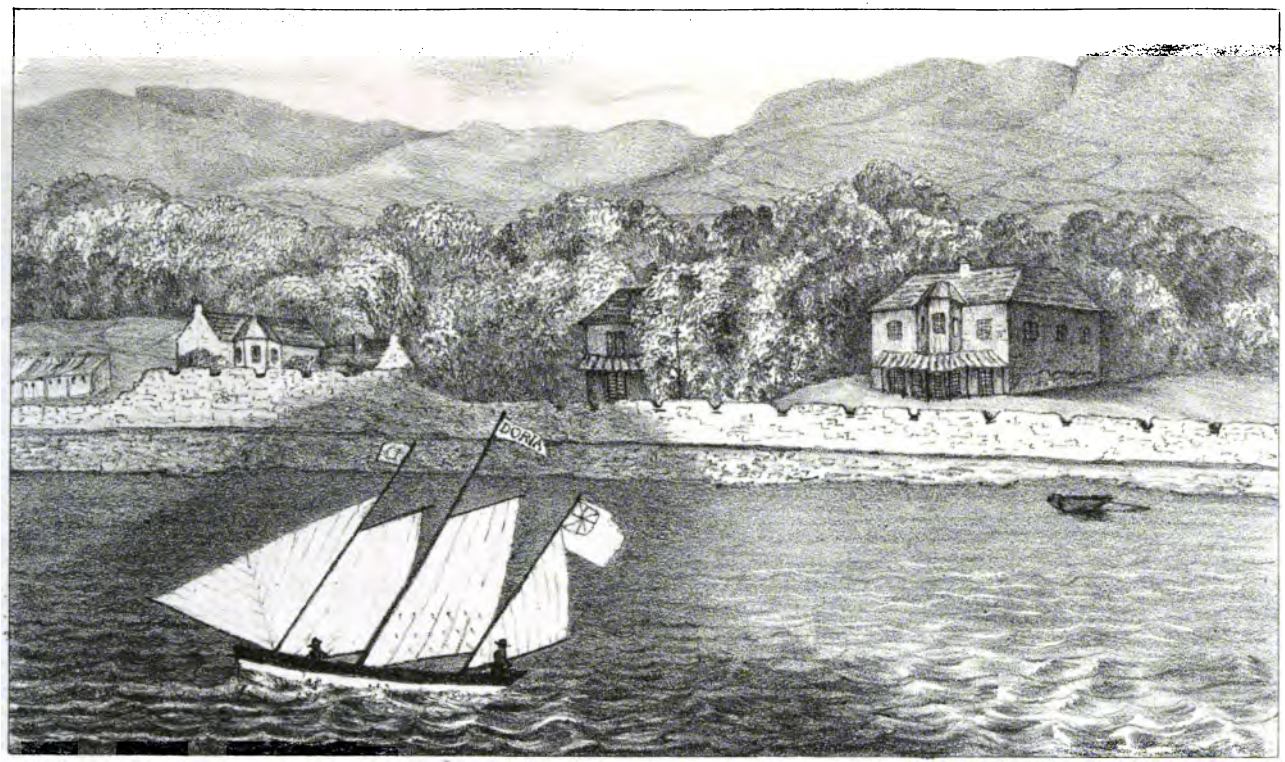

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Fairlie.

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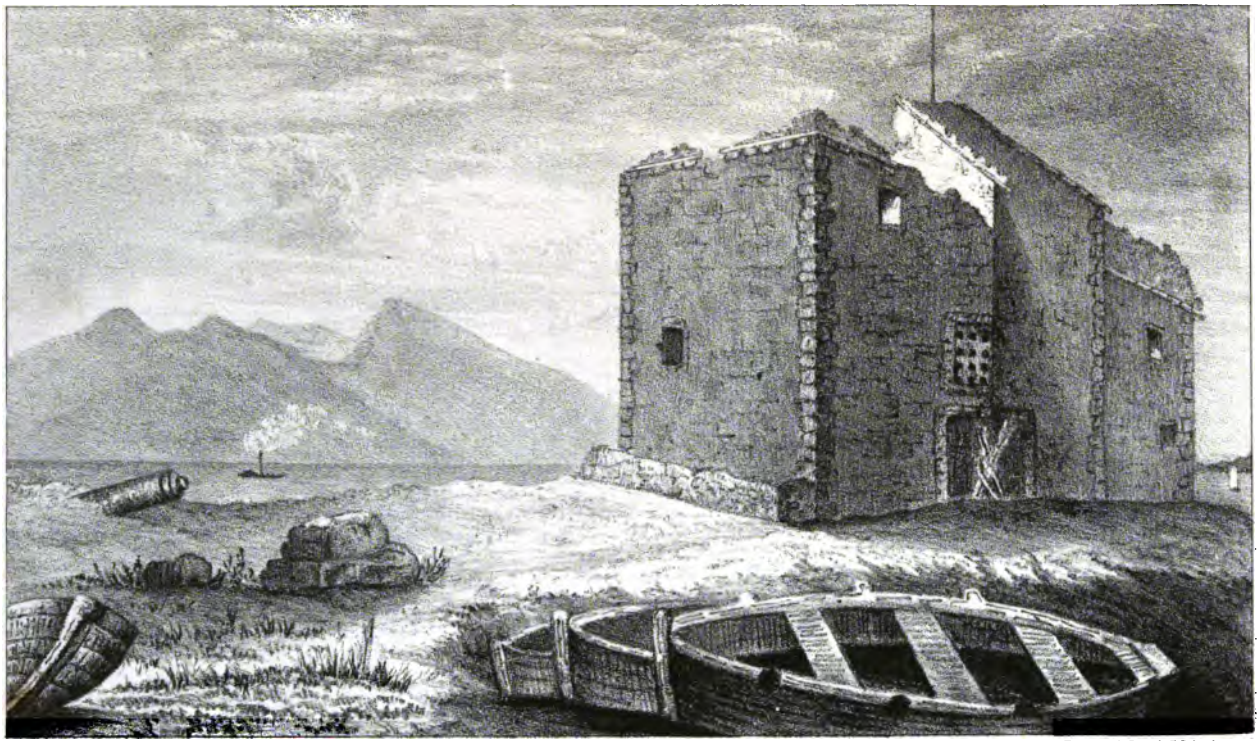

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Porten Cross Castle.

There lay rusting upon the beach an old Cannon which of itself created a world of 'associated thought'.

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posed to have experienced when he met with a stray 'chariot wheel,' returned by the waters that had 'overthrown the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.' And to the same divine agency I traced the catastrophe which had been fraught with blessings to my own beloved nation. 'Israel saw the great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians, and the people feared the Lord.' And Britain, rescued by Israel's God, should follow Israel's example. Such were my feelings as I bade adieu to Porten Cross Castle, and took a farewell glance at the cannon on the beach.

CHAPTER IV.

Will the reader object to accompany me on my perambulations to Glasgow—that seat of commerce and of wealth? He must understand that locomotion in these regions is chiefly effected by water carriage; in other words, that the usual mode of conveyance is by steamers, of which I believe there are no less than eighty daily working up and down the river, and the frith. I set off on board the Flambeau, one lovely morning in September, and now the reader shall have some intimations from my notebook, in order that he may judge whether I went with 'eyes, or no eyes.'—We stopped at Greenock, Port Glasgow, Erskine, and Renfrew. The Argyll-

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shire and Dumbarton hills were tinted with every hue, and the glassy waters reflected a bright blue sky. But soon this pleasant scene was exchanged for one of gloom; the mist and rain which had at intervals been hovering, like sea-fowls, around our vessel, now thickened sky, mountain, and water: nevertheless the change wanted nought to form the picturesque. A mountain half enveloped in clouds is rather awful and majestic, and the deep purple sea with its foaming waves, heightens the grandeur of the scene. I had been lingering on deck with the hope that I might even yet gain a good view of Dumbarton rock; nor was I disappointed. As we approched this interesting fortification both of nature and art, gleams of sunshine broke forth, and the rock seemed singled out, as the favored object on which the rays should fall. It was literally sparkling in the sun, while a thick gloom behind, overhanging Ben Lomond, formed a powerful and effective contrast. Suddenly a rainbow appeared striding across the Bay of Dumbarton, and giving a novel and fantastic appearance to the whole scene. Each end of the bow was literally standing at the entrance of the bay. I was pleased with this freak of nature. Methinks she has planted this triumphal arch at the entrance to all that magnificence which she has displayed yonder. Ben Lomond is the lordly edifice to which the Vale of Leven and Loch Lomond form, as it were, the sweeping avenue. Here is the noble archway at the entrance, and this fortified rock I will call the porter's

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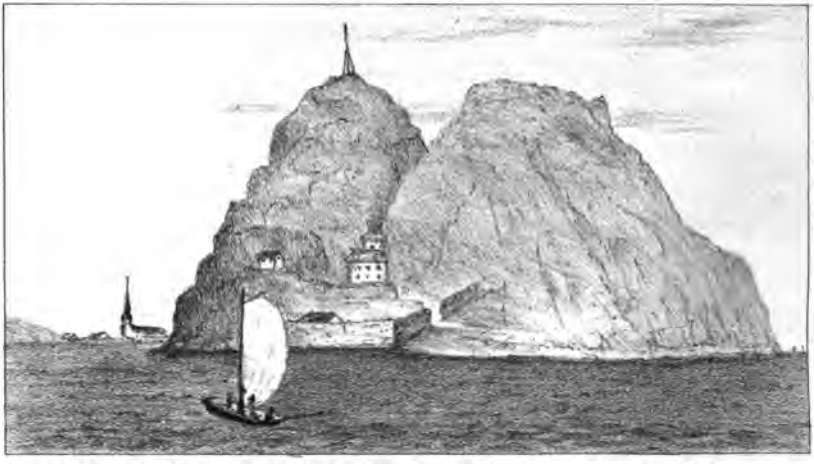
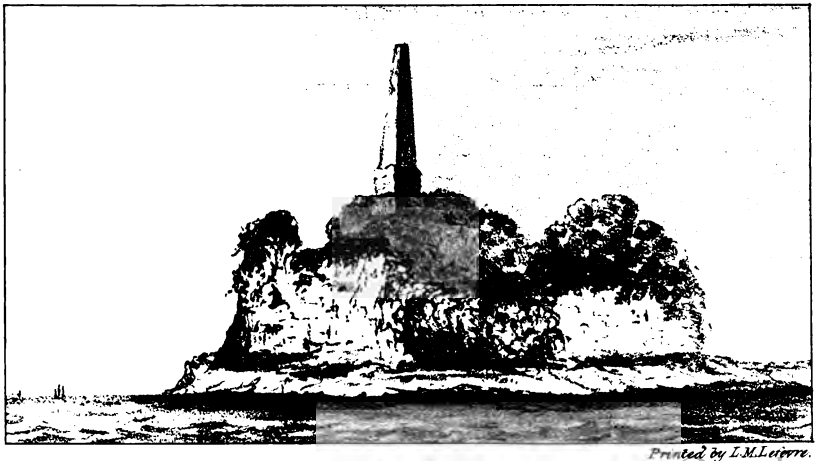
Ailsa Craig. 1100 ft



Dumbarton Rock. 650 ft



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Dunglass Castle.

Drawn from Nature & on Stone by E.A.Phipps.

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lodge! The pretty church of Dumbarton, planted so close to the shore, is distinctly visible. The opposite shore of Renfrewshire is richly wooded, and Drums, Captain Darroch's seat, is about two miles inland. Beyond Dumbarton is the range of mountains called Dumboch. There is a beautiful glen between two of them, called Glen Arbock: it is a favourite resort of Geologists, as the rocks in the neighbourhood are of a very interesting character. In a few minutes we were opposite Dunglass Castle, which is a pretty object, covered with ivy. Among the ruins is a handsome obelisk, erected to Henry Bell, projector of the steam navigation on the Clyde. On the opposite coast we passed Erskine House, the seat of Lord Blantyre, who was killed a few years ago by the rioters at Brussels,—they shot in at the window where his lordship was sitting. He died before the completion of a noble mansion, which he was erecting at a short distance from the old one, and in a more healthy spot. The present Earl is a minor, and his family are inhabiting the old house, which is a very humble one, so that yon magnificent pile of building remains unfinished in melancholy grandeur, the grave having intercepted its intended tenant. After passing the range of Dumboch mountains, the scene gradually diminishes in interest. The water is fresh, the shores are flat, and gradually the smokey chimnies of Glasgow make their appearance. We, at length, reached the Quay of the Broomielaw. It was full of shipping, and presented the appearance of a

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thick wood of masts. Having found our way to ——— Square, we learned that a wedding was to take place that evening, at the house of the clergyman who was our kind entertainer. However, the evening passed without any visit from the loving pair, and whether they had themselves discovered "any cause or just impediment" we could not learn—it remains a mystery, for no essoine was sent to account for the circumstance. The ceremony of marriage is very simple in Scotland. The parties must bring the minister *lines*, certifying that they have been *proclaimed* three times in the church; and, having examined these, he proceeds to marry them at once, without form or ceremony, in any private house. He gives them a short extemporary address on the subject, desires them to join hands, and declares them to be married persons. So that, in Scotland, people may have the privilege of being married in their own drawing-room, without paying fifty pounds for a *special license!* I regretted much that I could not witness one of these simple ceremonies.

Among many interesting buildings which I visited in Glasgow,—such as the Hunterian Museum and the Royal Exchange, (where Sir Robert Peel delivered his celebrated speech,) I will only claim the reader's attention to the Necropolis, near the cathedral,—and the invaluable Asylum for the Blind. The British Institution was at this time convened in Glasgow, and each day its various sections were busily occupied with some momentous subject. As

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I pased the College, I saw the Duke of Hamilton alight from his carriage to attend one of these meetings; Dr. Chalmers was there lecturing on pauperism. The Necropolis pleased me much, and is prettily laid out upon the declivity of a hill, on which a monument to John Knox has long been erected.

One end of this enclosure is appropriated as the Jewish burial ground, and I viewed it with feelings of melancholy interest. Poor bereaved people! the only spot they can call their own, is that on which their mortal remains are allowed to moulder away. But it shall not be always so with them. The day is hastening, when "many nations shall lay hold of the skirt of a Jew, and shall say, we will go with you, for we have heard that God is with you."

Many a sublime prophecy, relative to that happy day, is inscribed about the portals, and to the left, are some truly pious and pathetic lines of Lord Byron. Poor, unhappy man! Why did he not pray?—"Remember me, O Lord, with the favor which thou bearest unto thy people, oh! visit me with thy salvation."

On leaving the Necropolis, I proceeded to the Asylum for the Blind, where I was most kindly received by John Alston, Esq., a gentleman well known as having devoted himself to this valuable Institution, and whose indefatigable exertions in behalf of the Blind, have won for him 'golden opinions' from all who could appreciate the difficulties of the undertaking which he has so successfully ac-

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complished. I allude to his embossed edition of the whole Sacred Volume for the use of the blind. It is just completed, and is the very first Bible that has ever been printed for the blind. In furtherance of this expensive undertaking, Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to issue a grant of £400. The Roman character in embossed type, is that which has been used; and the advantage of this character, above all the short-hand systems which have been tried in other Institutions, will become apparent, if we consider the facility thus afforded in the instruction of the blind by their friends at home, or by the common village school-master.

The Bible, thus printed, being put into the hands of a poor blind boy, at a distance, perhaps, from any institution for the blind, he may be taught, by the sense of touch, to read with as much facility as others learn by the sense of sight. The efficiency of this method can never be questioned by any one who has witnessed its operation in the Glasgow Asylum. "The advantages of a literature for the blind, so simple, practicable, and so easily taught, are obvious to every one. Deprived of the delights of vision, the blind are naturally inquisitive, and, thrown more than others upon their mental resources for enjoyment, they will, thereby, soon become convinced of the benefits of this mode of instruction: it will afford them profitable and pleasurable occupation in their solitary hours. It is, therefore, an incumbent duty to enlighten their

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minds by unfolding to their touch the pages of that blessed volume, the principles of which afford the best security for their happiness here, and the surest foundation for their hopes of eternity." And not only is religious information conveyed to them by this system of typography. The elements of music, of grammar, of arithmetic, and other useful sciences, are taught through the same medium. They are even able to write what they have read; and, there is one further advantage gained by the topographic system—an advantage which puts the blind in a position more favorable, in some respects, than the seeing,—for it enables them, in the darkest hours of the night, to turn for comfort and consolation to the pages of inspiration, which they can finger over so easily, and without assistance from others. Besides the embossed topographic instruction, there are other *palpable* methods employed in this Institution, the terrestrial globe, with the continents raised upon the surface, and the principal cities designated by projecting pins;—the planetary system with the planets in relief, and their orbits represented by means of cords;—arithmetic, and even the elements of Euclid, by a system of Geometry, likewise rendered palpable to the sense of touch. These, and other mental resources, have been opened to the Blind, and they are justly appreciated by them. Nor are they precluded from the active, manual employments, which persons in their condition are capable of performing They are

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taught net-making — winding—sewing—knitting—sack-printing — flax-dressing — mattress-making — weaving—basket-making, and rope-making. The sale of their works goes a great way towards the support of the Institution. At present, it reckons seventy inmates. The reader will excuse my having dwelt so long upon the merits of this Institution, but I have done so, in order that the visitor to Glasgow may be induced to inspect it for himself. There was one young woman, totally blind, deaf, and dumb, in whom I felt peculiarly interested. She had lost her hearing and speech when she was four years old, and had been an inmate of the Deaf and Dumb Institution. Seven years ago, she lost her sight also, and was dismissed from that Institution, where she could no longer be instructed. Some of the friends of the Blind happened to meet with her, and found her in a most melancholy state of depression, feeling so keenly the want of those resources which had formerly been opened to her. She was at once removed to the Blind Asylum. Had she not been taught to read when she had lost only two of her senses, there would have been no medium of communication with her; but, to her inexpressible delight, she found that the Roman character, familiar to her recollection, could easily be traced in this embossed type. She was able to read and write as well as the other inmates of the Institution; and, it afforded me no small gratification to witness her successful performance of both

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the one and the other. This triumph of persevering philanthrophy must be regarded as an important phenomenon in the world of mind.

CHAPTER V.

On leaving Glasgow our next excursion was to Loch Lomond. It was a lovely autumnal evening when the "Vale of Leven," set sail from the Broomielaw, and paddled along like a young turtle, through the placid waters of the Clyde. I soon found a communicative friend in an old Scotch sailor who had served many years in India, was present at the taking of the Isle of France and Java, and seemed familiar with Calcutta, and Rangoon. My reason for introducing the reader to this honest Scotch tar, is that I was much amused with his enthusiastic praise of his native land, as he pointed to one and another of the lovely spots we were passing. As we approached the range of Dumboch, he showed me a cave among the treeswhich is called Wallace's cave, that brave patriot having concealed himself in it for some time from his enemies. The setting sun was now shedding his dying glories over this beautiful scene, and gradually sinking beneath the hills of Renfrewshire. His few lingering rays were darting across the glassy waters, and sparkling in the bosom of Dumbarton's rock. I was most anxious to get

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round the promontory of Dumboch, that I might have a distant view of Ben Lomond, ere the day closed; nor was I disappointed. In a few minutes, that sublime mountain stood before me in all its towering magnificence. The sky was clear, so that its outline, though distant, was quite distinct. We now tacked about in order to steer into the bay, and this brought us immediately under the rock, and enabled me to inspect minutely the wall of fortifications, which, like an arm of strength, embraces it. The sides of this extraordinary rock are so precipitous, that it is inaccessible except by a narrow pass which connects it with the main land. I understand it is composed of basaltic columns of black whinstone which possess a magnetic quality, and in which fine capillary zeolite and prehnite are found. Having landed at Dumbarton, rambled to its church, and visited the pretty bridge over the Leven, I postponed till the following morning a scramble to the summit of Dumbarton rock.

It was a thick fog that ushered in the next day's excursions. In vain did the sun attempt to inject his rays through the impenetrable mist. Still I would not abandon my design of clambering up the rock. Having followed the circuitous windings of a lane that leads to the low neck of land which connects this apparent island with the coast, I at length arrived before some handsome iron gates, leading to the Governor's house. There is a small detachment stationed here, and I found no difficulty in obtaining a

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view of the fortifications. The ascent is rendered remarkably easy, for, though steep, there are stone steps with an iron railing quite up to the top, and you do not so much mind the steep precipice on each side, when you have a firm, iron friend to grasp. I went to the highest point, that on which the flag staff is erected. It is 650 feet above the level of the sea. From this spot, on a clear day you may see distinctly the whole vale of Leven, Loch Lomond, and the Ben; the south view displays the various beauties of the Clyde, and the panorama is filled up by the Argyle-shire mountains, the distant outline of Arran, and the seaports of Greenock, Renfrew, and Glasgow. I was shewn the precipitous side of the rock which was scaled by Sir William Wallace. I afterwards visited a cave in which Mary, Queen of Scots, is said to have been concealed. It is a miserable dark dungeon, excavated in the rock, and is now used as a black hole to confine the military offenders. There is no need of a stationary Governor; his house is occupied by an English lieutenant the commanding officer of the detachment. Dumbarton Castle has long been celebrated in history. It was the principal abode of the Lennox family till the year 1238, when it was converted into a royal fortress. It was from hence that Mary, Queen of Scots, set sail for France in the days of her youth. Dumbarton is supposed to be the Balclutha of Ossian, and is thus beautifully described by him:

"I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they are

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desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls, and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shakes there its lonely head. The fox looks out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waves round his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina. Silence is in the house of her fathers."

Having bestowed as much time as I could spare on this rock, and examined the batteries, watch towers, and a few pieces of ordnance, I retraced my steps, and was prepared for a hearty meal previous to our setting out for Loch Lomond. We then entered an omnibus! (for these awkward, but commodious vehicles, have found their way, not only to the deserts of Arabia, but to the wilds of Scotland;) and in this omnibus we wound our way through the beautiful vale of Leven to Balloch Ferry—a distance of about five miles. We passed Dalquhurn House, in Stirlingshire, the birth-place of the celebrated historian Smollett. I am told there is a Tuscan monument near this spot erected to his memory.

Our route lay through a beautiful winding lane, overhung by an avenue of trees with a rich variety of autumnal hues. The luxuriant ash, with its sweeping branches, was decorating our path; the mist had completely cleared off, and the sun shone prettily through the trees. A thorough Highland shepherd was in the omnibus with us; he had two large dogs; one, a fine setter, was in the vehicle with him, the

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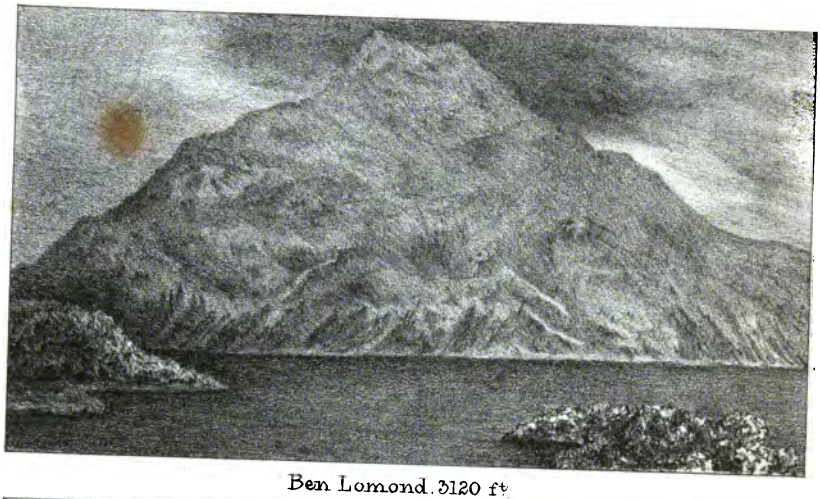
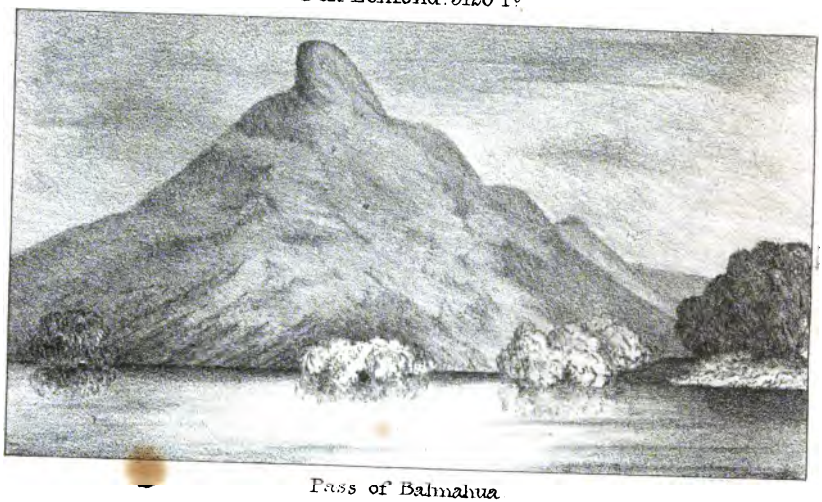
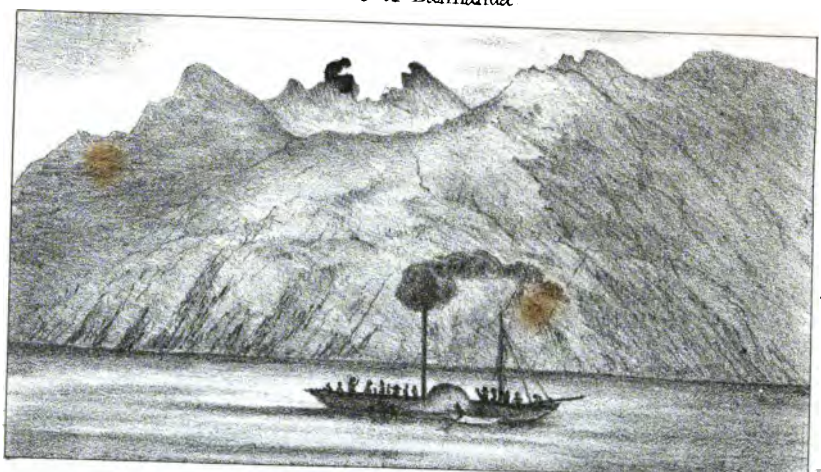


Ben Lomond. 3120 ft



Pass of Balmahua



Ben Arthur or the Cobler.

Drawn from Nature & on Stone by E.A.Phipps.

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other, an enormous shepherd's dog, kept pace with the omnibus the whole way. I could not resist putting my head out of the window to gaze on Ben Lomond now that it became so prominent an object. We passed through Alexandria! the very first Alexandria I ever passed through!—and memory for a while took 'leave of absence,' while it wandered back through the track of centuries to

> "The madman that laid Asia waste,"
> "The headstrong fool that loved to bathe in gore,"
> "Who sacked one world, and wept to ruin more."

On our arrival at Balloch, we found the steamer in readiness at the mouth of the Leven, or rather where it disembogues itself into Loch Lomond; and, having taken our seats on the deck of the steamer, we began to sail into the region of enchantment. The glassy waters reflected with softened effect every beautiful object around us. I was struck with the variety presented by the islands on the lake, which are thirty in number. The first, Inch Murren, is rather rocky, and yet completely covered with a thick forest for deer, belonging to the Duke of Montrose. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the multiform attractions which this scene presented: the varied tints of autumn among those beautiful forest trees, dipping into the translucent lake—the luxuriance of every glen and islet—the lofty grandeur of those mountain tops, on which sublimity sits enthroned—the magic change of scene, as we steered

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our course through a labyrinth of intricate isles—the noble expanse of water, when we came, at last, to the widest part of the Loch—and, more than all, the towering summits of the Monarch Mountain, who proudly overlooks the rest. See! where his diadem is glittering in the sun-beams; the sparkling granite is his diamond and ruby; the purple waters are his zone; the neighbouring great ones are his vassal chieftains; the blue firmament of heaven forms his canopy. No cloudlet shrouds his grandeur; no mist obstructs the smile which he deigns to bestow on us his humble visitants. I am proud to have seen thee, Ben Lomond! proud to reckon among my fairest days, that on which I was an eye-witness to thy glories. But, like yon eastern votary, I have only ventured to approach 'the golden feet.' I dare not ascend higher. Thou smilest on me now, but, were I to aspire to a more exalted region, I fear thy shivering blast, thy rigid frown; therefore, I will keep at a respectful distance.

But where is the 'former' of all this? Where is he that 'weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?' who "fixed the bounds of the everlasting hills?" A still small voice proclaims him near: it echoes from mountain, rock, and glen—"though the mountains depart, and the hills be removed, yet my loving kindness shall not depart from thee, nor shall the covenant of my peace be removed." I turn again to yon lofty mountain, and follow the course of that silvery torrent, now dashing over the

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rocks, now gliding gently through the fissures—it reminds me of some who 'drank of that spiritual rock which followed them, and that rock was Christ.' May every view of his works, lead me to think more of him who says, "before the mountains were scattered, before the hills was I brought forth."

Loch Lomond is said to be the largest lake in Great Britain. It measures about thirty miles from north to south, covering an area of 20,000 English acres, and, "were its windings followed, its circuit would exceed one hundred miles." The average depth is twenty fathoms: "near the northern extremity, the depth sometimes exceeds one hundred fathoms, and there it is never frozen." It is a remarkable fact, that the surface of Loch Lomond is twenty-two feet higher than that of the Clyde.

Between the island of Inch Cailleach and the mainland, is a narrow strait, through which we steered, just under the pass of Bualmaha, which is noticed in the "Lady of the Lake." We then steered across the lake, and entered the pretty bay of Luss, on the Western Coast. We were now close to Inch Loanag, an island entirely planted with yew trees, of which there are several thousand. It is, perhaps, the only plantation of yew trees in Europe, and is attributed to the times when this species of wood was much in request for archery. Among the hills, behind Luss, are the state quarries of Camstradden. Three or four miles beyond Luss, we came to a very narrow part of the lake, between Inveruglas, on the

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Dumbartonshire Coast, and Rowardennan, on the Stirlingshire Coast. Here you have one of the best views of Ben Lomond. Presently we came opposite Rob Roy's Rock, which rises thirty feet perpendicularly out of the sea. Steering to the left, we reached Tarbet, our destination, as we intended to cut across from thence to Loch Long, a distance of about two miles. We were lowered into a small boat, and then rowed to land, but, on leaving this boat, we met with rather an unpleasant adventure.

The boatman, in conveying our luggage out of the boat, fell plump with it into the water, and away went carpet-bags and hat-boxes, floating down the lake. We paid dearly for the honor of laving our garments in the waters of Loch Lomond. It reminded me of some of the Hindoo ceremonies, which are intended to confer much honor on the votary, but do, in fact, greatly inconvenience him.

We now began to make the best of our way on foot across the country to Arroquhar, where we expected to meet a Loch Long steamer. I lingered, for a few moments, to take a sketch of Ben Arthur, or the Cobler, as he is usually called. At the top of this mountain (which wants little in height of Ben Lomond) is a small crag, which tells distinctly upon the sky, and has exactly the appearance of a cobler sitting on the edge of a precipice, in the act of working with his awl. At length we reached Arroquhar, and took to the steamer again. The sail down Loch Long was exquisite. The waters here were still

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more transparent than those of Loch Lomond, there being no ripples on the surface. In front, we had a range of blue mountains, terminating our view; on each side of the Loch, a chain of dark, rocky hills, forming an avenue in perspective, terminated by the distant blue hills, of which I just spoke, as resting on the horizon. The deep, purple shadows along each margin of the waters, formed an exquisite contrast with the brilliancy of the main sheet, along the central course of the Loch, for there the sun was striking in golden glory. We had an Italian gentleman on board, who favored us with a song in his native tongue, and who was enthusiastic in his praises of the Lago di Como. Presently, to our astonishment, he struck up, "Welcome Royal Charlie," and a Scotch gentleman joined him in this and several other popular ballads. Our Italian was at intervals imbibing as much Scotch whiskey as he could manage, and, perhaps, rather more, and this, doubtless, added spirit to the song! However, his voice was very good, and our ears were delightfullly regaled, while, at the same time, the eye was resting on every object that is lovely in nature.

We landed at Gourock, and bade farewell to our companions for the day; but as we were destined to a third aquatic excursion before nightfall, we speedily entered another steamer, and set off down the Clyde for Fairlie.

Among the various objects of interest along this coast, I have hitherto omitted to mention Kelburne,

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Lord Glasgow's seat, where the poor Marchioness of Hastings died last year. The Castle is white-washed, and has a very picturesque appearance among the dark green foliage. We enjoyed a beautiful sun-set, and then the moon rose in softened brilliancy. A boat came out opposite Kelburne, to meet us, much further out to sea than these small boats usually venture. We were lowered into it, and had half an hour's row by moonlight—a most exquisite scene. Arran was putting on his night-cap. A silvery pillar lay upon the water's surface, and never was moonlight upon the waters more bright, more lovely. The swifts boats were skimming along just across that silvery path. At length we landed, scrambled up the slippery rocks, with their sea-weed mantles, and prepared to court

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Thus closed this day of intense fatigue and manifold adventure.

CHAPTER VI.

I HAVE stated that the British Association was at this time sitting in Glasgow. This circumstance had brought into the neighbourhood that great and good man, Dr. Chalmers, and I deemed it no small

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privilege to be allowed to meet him in society. After the business of the Association had been brought to a close, Dr. Chalmers was invited to deliver some lectures in Greenock for the Mechanics' Institute. It created no small astonishment in my mind when I heard that these lectures were to be delivered in a church. There were two sets of lectures appointed on this occasion, that by Dr. Chalmer's on Education, and the other by Dr. Anderson on Heat, with experiments. It is to my mind wholly unintelligible that men of sober judgement and devotional feeling see nothing objectionable in using a place of worship for secular purposes. I find that the Presbyterians consider our reverence for sacred buildings as proceeding from superstition and prejudice. They have so great a dread of popish idolatry, that they seem to run into the opposite extreme, and they studiously avoid all attention to material objects or outward forms in reference to religious worship; but how an enlightened Christian can overlook the fact that he is desecrating holy things in applying them to secular purposes, is to me wholly unintelligible. Mere natural religion teaches an awe and reverence for all that pertains in any way to divine worship; but a mind imbued with pure Christian principles becomes doubly susceptible of such improprieties. Is it possible so to abstract the thoughts from the things of time and sense, that when holy seasons recur, and our visits to the house of God are renewed, our minds shall be wholly kept

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from wandering on the varied scenes which that place may have witnessed during the week? It is difficult enough in any case to concentrate the faculties of the soul in the simple service of Jehovah; how much more when the scene around helps us to irrelevant assosiations, and unseasonable trains of thought? I know that the Presbyterian's reply is, "Why then do you have family and private worship in places where every variety of business and pleasure is transacted?" But the question is not, whether we *can* pray in *any* place, but whether that particular place which is peculiarly set apart for divine worship, (consecrated or not,) ought to be enfringed upon for other purposes? Whatever tends to command an outward respect for religion, ought surely to commend itself to a Christian mind, and when a body of people meet together for a sacred and solemn purpose, it does seem most desirable that every external facility should be afforded, to assist them in acts of reverence and devotion: but this is a subject which is worthy of being discussed in a far abler way. I feel more and more the absence of our beautiful Liturgy, and the public worship of God seems to languish without it. Not that I am, by any means, an advocate of *mere forms*, for there is not a more dangerous mistake than to imagine that they can, *in themselves*, be acceptable to the Almighty. The form, *without* the spirit, is *hypocrisy*; but the form, *with* the spirit, is *devotion*; and the human mind is so constituted, that it must receive an influence from external asso-

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ciations. In this case, moreover, the power of association is necessarily combined with an innate sense of sacred things; or, in other words, natural religion, which certainly does teach us that divine worship ought to be accompanied with outward acts of reverence and humiliation, and especially with regard to posture. The Presbyterians avoid kneeling in their churches, as a useless form, and, perhaps, as savouring of popery. Now, I think, there is abundant warrant, both from Scripture precept, and example, for the propriety, not to say the duty, of kneeling while we are in the immediate presence of the Almighty. The holy Stephen died on his knees—his last words were prayer. St. Paul, when taking leave of the disciples, "kneeled down and prayed with them all. We must remember, that our bodies, as well as our souls, are dedicated to God, and should, therefore, render that humble adoration which is indicative of the homage of the soul; in other words, the outward posture should be in conformity with the inward feeling. We all know, that in approaching an earthly sovereign, the abject posture is thought most expressive of humility and reverence; how much more, when we are presenting our petitions to the King of kings?

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CHAPTER VII.

I beg the reader's companionship on a picnic excursion to the Little Cumbræ, for, I would gladly do my best to secure him some sort of participation in the enjoyments which are dated back to

> "The days when we went gipseying,
> A long time ago."

Our kind friends at Fairlie were the projectors of this pleasant expedition, and in their pretty yacht, the *Buoyant*, we set sail; skimming along the placid waters, and permitting our spirits also to spread their canvass before the gale, and evincing hearts as buoyant as the vessel that so well deserves its name. The transparency of the atmosphere afforded us the loveliest views in every direction. Arran lay stretched out before us in all its lofty magnificence: to the left, resting on the horizon, was the Craig of Ailsa. Far, far away to the right, the heights of Ben Lomond were faintly visible. Presently, the fine Coast of Bute, the pretty town of Rothsay, the blue hills of Cantire, and the singular straits, known by the designation of the Kyles of Bute, gradually opened upon us. Having sailed round the Little Cumbræ, and arrived on the side opposite Arran, we landed among some craggy rocks, and contrived to scramble over them—no easy undertaking, as the sea-weed

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rendered them very slippery. Our object was, to reach the old ruined light-house, on the highest part of the island, 410 feet above the level of the sea. On our way, we came to an old Danish Castle, resembling that at Fairlie. At length our toil was completed, and we found ourselves at the top of the light-house, with a panoramic scene around, which amply repaid all our exertions. Arran was glorious. Garroch Head, in Bute, lay outstretched before me with its sharp, angular peaks of trap. The Clyde was practising every pretty deceit: now showing itself amid an amphitheatre of rocks and mountains, it resembled one of the enchanting lakes of fairyland; now peeping out beyond the skirting of those distant mountains, it wound past them, and continued its brilliant course, dazzling the eye with its silvery shield. But language fails in attempting to depict this scene, at least, *my* pen is unequal to the task. We hurried away to other spots, and once we approached to the edge of a cliff, to look down on the new light-house, which has been erected below.

Some of our party had remained in the boat, and worked their way round to another part of the island, where they landed, and kindled a fire, to boil potatoes. On joining them, we found an abundant meal prepared for our reception. The table-cloth was outspread on the mossy ground, and the rocks peeping through the turf, afforded us useful seats. Having scrambled through watery moors, we were glad enough to get dry at the gipsey fire.

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Our party, consisting of seventeen, were, at length, all assembled; silence was enjoined, and then the aged father of the family, who, like Noah, was one that feared God, offered up a beautiful and appropriate prayer, that could not fail of striking the mind with awe, surrounded, as we were, by some of the wildest scenes of nature. It seemed as though he were consecrating that spot, or, like Jacob of old, erecting his Ebenezer there. There was so much simplicity and fervency about him, and the act of that moment was so well borne out by his daily deportment as he went in and out among his people, that all who knew him felt that truth and integrity were stamped on his every lineament, and his words fell on their ear, not as the mystic ravings of an enthusiast, but the reasonable, pious ejaculations of a man who feels his hourly dependence on his Maker, and is daily endeavouring, "so to pass through things temporal, that, finally, he may not lose the things eternal."

Ah! how memory clings with affection to the spot concerning which, something whispered at the time, "it is good to be here." Were I again, at any distance of interval, to find myself on Little Cumbræ, I think that spot would be one of the first I should visit; and, wild and rugged, as is the whole region around, I feel as though I could trace the very niche of ground where our Ebenezer was once erected, for my heart seems to have imprinted on it every blade of grass that grows there. I understand it is the custom of

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this good and holy man, on all his excursions with his family, not to interrupt the usual hour for devotion, but to stop by the way, or to put into some cove, and erect the family altar there. Is not this making a sanctified use of God's gifts? Not letting the admiration of his works, as a God of nature, take place of soul prostration before him, as a God of grace, but, making the one subservient to the other.

How many mistake on this head! By a subtle device of the great enemy of souls, they recoil from the humiliating doctrines of Christianity, (those which, if rightly meditated on, would produce deep and painful 'searchings of heart,') and they place their religion in a placid admiration of the beautiful works of creation.

Such a religion, though suited to Adam in Paradise, is not sufficient for fallen and sinful creatures. What does it avail us to meditate on the wonders of creation, unless we can link with the thought a consciousness that our ruined souls have been made the subjects of a *new creation*, that the "High and lofty one, who inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy," regards us with tender compassion through the Son of his love. It is only by virtue of the atonement that the works of nature can now yield substantial enjoyment to the human soul. Without it, we have no right to appropriate them; we are only in the condition of fallen spirits, who 'believe and tremble,' who acknowledge the agency of a superin-

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tending Deity, but acknowledge it to their own confusion.

I have said that the happy party were assembled to partake of a plentiful meal, and much was it needed after the unusual fatigues of the day. This necessary part of the expedition being accomplished to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned, and a tolerably long sum in subtraction well proved by each, we prepared to re-embark, and many hands were busy in conveying empty hampers, etc., to the boat. During this process, I stole away to a narrow pass between some high perpendicular rocks—so narrow that only one person could squeeze through it at a time. I fancied it a miniature Thermopylæ. Having made my way through this pass, I came abruptly to an enormous cliff of rocks, boldly projecting towards the sea; it is called the Wanghie. I sat down to sketch it, but was quickly interrupted by the signal for sailing.

CHAPTER VIII.

My next perambulation was made to Eglintoun, of high renown in the annals of modern chivalry! The route from Ardrossan is very interesting, and the drive afforded us a rich variety of scenes. The first town we passed through was Saltcoats: it has a fine tall spire, and in its vicinity is Seabank, the

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handsome seat of the Cunninghams. There is also a ruined castle near Saltcoats which forms a very picturesque object, situated on an eminence which commands an extensive prospect. The next place was Stephenson; then came Kilwinning, which is said to be the oldest town in Scotland. There is a very ancient ruin of a cathedral, and an old stone cross by the roadside, though one might think that presbyterian cautiousness would have removed it long since as a dangerous stumbling stone. However, in this instance, the natural veneration we all feel for the relics of antiquity, has prevailed over religious scruples; and the hand of man has not dared to demolish what the hand of time has spared. Pity that this sweet emblem of Christianity should have been so often abused,—that men should have contented themselves with the sign, instead of looking to the thing signified; for, to the unfettered imagination, there is something very touching when we meet with this symbol of our faith. In an Irish church-yard, I have noticed a strange anomaly: the Roman Catholic has a cross at the foot of his grave, the Protestant has none; and this, not because it is not equally a precious emblem in his eyes, but because he dares not be confounded with those who *worship* it. However, I have been loitering on the road to show the reader this memento of 'byegones,' and now I must with all speed get on to Eglintoun. Its princely gates soon presented themselves, and here we alighted, sending on our luggage to Irvine, which was to

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be our roosting place for the night. We understood that the town lay only two miles from Eglintoun, and we thought we should easily find our way thither through the park. It was a rich treat to wander in these extensive grounds. We soon made our way through a handsome avenue to the gardens.

The hot-houses for fruits and flowers are on a magnificent scale, and on reaching the parterre we were delighted with the elegance which pervaded it. A glassy river with a silvery cascade came gliding gently through these fairy regions, as though conscious of the luxuriant paradise which it was watering. Nor was classic taste wanting, nor horticultural skill, to render this a region of enchantment. Two elegant cast-iron bridges, vases, statues, a sun-dial; these pretty contributions from the world of art could not fail to please the beholder. Leaving these luxurious regions we again wandered among thick woods, and occasionally obtained glimpses of the proud castle, peering over the trees. At length we found our way to a seat beneath some noble weepers of the ash tribe, and here we had a fine view of the castle, towering majestically over the dense foliage. The sky behind was tinted with the variegated streaks of a glorious sun-set, and the moon, in her gibbous quarter, was high in the heavens. We hastily rose from this lovely spot, dreading night-fall; but little did we dream of the intricacies of our path, and the difficulties we had yet to encounter. Among our wanderings we passed an enormous quadrangular building,

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resembling some of our London hospitals. It forms the stables, and is quite detached, at some distance from the Castle. We mistook our way, owing to the many devious paths, and wandered deeper and deeper into the recesses of this extensive domain. In passing through one long avenue, which was so dark that we were unable to see our steps; myriads of rooks took fright at our approach, and the air was quite blackened with them. At one time, we found ourselves walking alongside of the preserves, at another, we were wandering in the deer park, and startling the early slumbers of those pretty creatures. At length we reached a gate, which we fully expected would lead into the high road to Irvine: but, to our great consternation, we found it was the point from which several roads diverged, each, apparently, leading into a thick forest, and it was evident we had much space yet to traverse ere we could be clear of the extensive grounds of Eglintoun. In this crisis of our difficulties, we were delighted to hail a poor peasant, returning from his day's labours, and from him we obtained the necessary information; and many a long mile had we to walk ere we reached Irvine.

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THE EGLINTOUN TOURNAMENT.

Assembled from afar, the brilliant throng
Surveyed the gorgeous trappings of that scene:
The dazzling splendour glitt'ring on the plain,
Where horse and horseman flashed across, and flared
Like lightning in the eyes of gazing fear.
Who shall describe those countless implements,
Those "articles of war," which then appeared
In dread array? that panoply complete
Which valiant ones displayed? Alas! in vain
I seek an inventory. Some there were
Who added modern art to ancient skill,
And handled weapons which our sires knew not.
To some, whom Nature had denied quick sight,
A pair of spectacles most kindly brought
Intelligence of th' enemy's approach.
But how, on visage cased in armoury,
A pair of spectacles could safely ride,
Deponent sayeth not. So fought the brave!
And doubtless, reader, many a valiant knight
Acknowledges, with ardent gratitude,
His safety—to a pair of spectacles!
But not the warrior hosts, alone, may claim
Delineation from th' historic muse.

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The 'fair and soft ones' gathered on the plain,
Commanded admiration, and displayed
Such decorations as became the scene :—
Rich vestments, sparkling with the radiant glare
Of jewelry, which—who could tell the worth ?
From ancient caskets, or from modern shops ;
From Nature's stores, or lapidary's art—
Who could declare ? What eye so keen detect
The real and fictitious ? Who decide
Between the wheat and chaff, the gold and dross ?
Ah ! no, 'tis hypercritical and rude,
Such innuendos spoil the potent charm :
Imagination gladly spurns them all,
And wanders, in luxurious reverie,
To glorious scenes of ancient chivalry ;
Seeks to discern, through modern mimicry,
The glimm'rings of that splendid pageantry,
When Britain and when France, with jealous eye,
Beheld their rival Sovereigns on the field
Of "Cloth of Gold." Ah ! how sublime the sight !
Montgomery's name, of glorious repute,
Was blazoned there ; and now, in latter days,
How shall it best revive ancestral fame ?
Lo ! now Britannia's beauties congregate,
And lend their charms to aid this noble end.

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At Eglintoun convened, their court is fixed
In open air, they wave their nodding plumes,
And sit so graceful on their prancing steeds,
And glance so witchingly on all around,
That many a raptur'd knight must doubtless feel,
Devotion kindle, love inspire his breast,
And heroism revive within his soul!

CHAPTER IX.

It was a lovely morning in October when the "Ayrshire Lassie," and the "Warrior," two rival steamers, were seen making their rapid course along the peaceful surface of the Clyde. Mist veiled the mountains; the young ripples skimmed along, announcing the flowing tide; the sea-gulls darted on them, and then flew off to their rocky hiding places, carrying some tiny tenant of the waters to satisfy the young nestlings at home. On this occasion the "Ayrshire Lassie" contrived to keep a-head, and at last gained the day. There were some light hearts on board of her, bounding with anticipation of the pure and innocent joys which nature offers to man in these lovely regions. For myself, I had lately been dipping very freely into this cup of pleasure, and found such refreshment and gratification as the tra-

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veller feels when he stops by the wayside to drink of a sparkling brook whose waters he knows to be innoxious. I had been indulging a thirst for those glorious scenes which the hand of a bountiful Creator hath spread out over the surface of nature, to captivate the eye of man, to inspire his soul, and prompt that hidden principle whereby he

"Looks from Nature up to Nature's God."

I was in a land well calculated to produce these emotions—a mountain land, where sublimity sits enthroned, and every object as it meets the eye, whispers of immensity, and tells significantly enough of him who fills infinite space, and inhabits "all forms from the vast to the minute." I was among the Highlands, and beautiful as was the scenery which daily enchanted my eye, there was something still more attractive in it, when I perceived the pious tone of feeling which pervaded the simple minds of its inhabitants. Of course, man, as man, will exhibit the same fallen nature in whatever clime he may be born; but it is impossible to view mankind in societies, without perceiving great differences in their aggregate character; and in nothing is this more remarkable than in their national observance of religious worship. In some countries, hereditary superstitions, and traditionary fables, being the only articles of faith which the majority of the people have been taught to believe, their minds become

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shackled in the gloomy caverns of error, and they cannot breathe in the pure and pious air of even natural religion, much less can they imbibe the precious doctrines of revelation. In other countries, the social habit has been framed with some regard to the imperative claims of Christianity, and there is much in the character of the people which speaks well as to their appreciation of the pure Protestant faith which they have embraced. This is remarkably the case with Scotland: I do not pretend to say that a Scotchman is really more pious than an Englishman, for both stand equally in need of the same Divine aid for the development of a Divine life; but there is something in the national and habitual character of the Scotch, which carries with it, outwardly at least, a more general acknowledgement of religious principle, and a more frequent recognition of the Divine authority, than alas! we can find even in highly favoured England. Perhaps the cause of this may be traced to their strict observance of the Sabbath, and to the exemplary discipline which prevails amongst the clergy, whose unremitting zeal for the welfare of their flocks, deserves the highest praise. But whatever may be the cause of this pleasing feature in the character of a people, how grateful and refreshing to the traveller, (who has his eye not upon the country merely, but upon his kind,) is every fresh development of so excellent a principle! It was on this account that I lately introduced to my reader the pious group assembled on

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the Little Cumbræ, and, with the same view, I shall presently bring before his notice a venerable patriarch of the mountains, whom I met with in a subsequent adventure. The reader must now imagine me landed on the lovely Isle of Arran — an island deeply interesting in many points of view. It has been called the 'jewel of geologists,' as, with regard to its mineralogical features, it is a miniature or epitome of the whole globe.

Its granite-capped mountains have been accurately delineated in the following sketch, which I ask the reader's permission to insert.

"The mountain group, with Goatfell towering above the rest, like a proud Highland Chief, surrounded by the cadets of his clan, present themselves to the beholder in their full dimensions from base to summit. They look from a distance as if in the act of springing from the depths of the sea — upheaving their giant bulks of rugged and spiry granite against the clouds, and thence descending in faces of bare rock, unrelieved by the slightest shade of vegetable green — sheer down into those yawning corries and glens, which, seen from afar, resemble the mysterious gorges and masses of impenetrable shade, which the telescope descries on the surface of the moon.

"The effect of silence as a source of the sublime, is most strongly felt in these situations, as on the summit of the mountain. It is the silence of that which is seen, but is not heard, the fall of the foam-

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ing torrent, the business of the world below, too distant to reach the ear, that convey the impression. It is the silence of expectation, amid the vastness of dimension and the appearance of power. It is like that awful moment which precedes the thunder or the volcano."—(*See Dr. M. Culloch's Work on the Western Isles.*)

On landing in Arran, my first object was to reach some commanding eminence, that would afford a good view of the mountain range. The description which I shall now give the reader was written on such a spot, and, therefore, I have not to trust to memory in any of my delineations. I mention this circumstance, to account for the present tense being used instead of the past.

I am now sitting on the summit of a lofty hill, covered with hether. The Bay of Brodik lies in the valley beneath, and, from its opposite margin, the chain of Arran's lofty mountains begins to rise. A glorious streak of sun-shine, from that setting luminary, is crossing the valley, resting on the verdant fields, and sprinkling the fields with beautiful lights. The towering peaks of Goatfell, Kereebhore, Ben Nuash, &c., are before me. My eye is resting on cliffs and ravines, sharp and jagged rocks, overhanging the awful chasms where the eagle loves to build; steep precipices, whose sides are hoary with granite, and peaks, losing themselves, for a moment, in the stormy clouds that are gathering round. The

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Coxcomb, (Kereebhore,) has missed the range of the angry elements, and a bright little peep of blue sky just appears above him, forming a pretty canopy, flattering, no doubt, to his conceit. Ben Nuash (the Hill of Storms,) is grappling with the threatening foe. His sharp jagged rocks, the thick bosses of his shield, are set in battle array against a fearful battalion of clouds. See where the onset begins; all heaven's artillery is turned against him. Behind me the setting sun is just declining in majesty under a range of lesser hills. To the right of Arran, the tints upon Argyleshire Mountains are most lovely: every colour of the rainbow is resting there. Oh! how peaceful is the scene in the valley! While yonder mountains are smoking and grappling with the clouds, gleams of sunshine rest on the peasant's nest, on the verdant fields, and the opening glens! The bay and the ocean are alike placid; not a ripple is to be seen, but all is transparent as a sea of glass. The hedges and lanes are clothed in rustic simplicity—no sound, as yet, has reached my ear, till, at this moment, the report from a sportman's gun is reverberating through hollow caverns and wooded glens, and the mountains are echoing the sound. The exquisite flowery hether is growing thick around, and a great variety of mountain plants, which make me wish I were a botanist. It is impossible to give a faint outline of this magnificent scene—language fails—nought but a painter's hand can do justice to it. I have again and again attempted to sketch the view,

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but the pencil is almost useless here, and I have relinquished the attempt, and tried to bring away some recollections of the scene, by writing a descriptive sketch, when I could do but little else.

On rising from this hether seat, I began the descent, carefully avoiding the marshes concealed by reeds, and directing my steps to a Druid stone, which I had cursorily glanced at as I toiled up the hill. I now carefully examined it, and found it to be a common piece of granite, with mica and felspar thickly embedded in it. Many thoughts of bygone superstitions were conjured up by this relic of antiquity; and, if stones could speak, this might have told of mechanical achievements which would astonish modern science; aye, and it might speak as "the voice of our brother's blood crying from the ground," crying, not perhaps for vengeance, but, for "a light to lighten the Gentiles in the dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty." Having quitted this interesting spot, and retraced my steps through a long winding lane, I, at length, reached the sandy beach, and hailed the fresh sea breeze, and listened with rapture to the gentle music of the tiny waves, those messengers of the deep, that come at periodic intervals to fulfil some important errand. The sun was now quite set: I turned round to look at my favourite chain of mountains, and was struck mute with their sublime appearance, enwrapped as they were in the thick shades of evening. Their dark gigantic forms were still to be traced, as the

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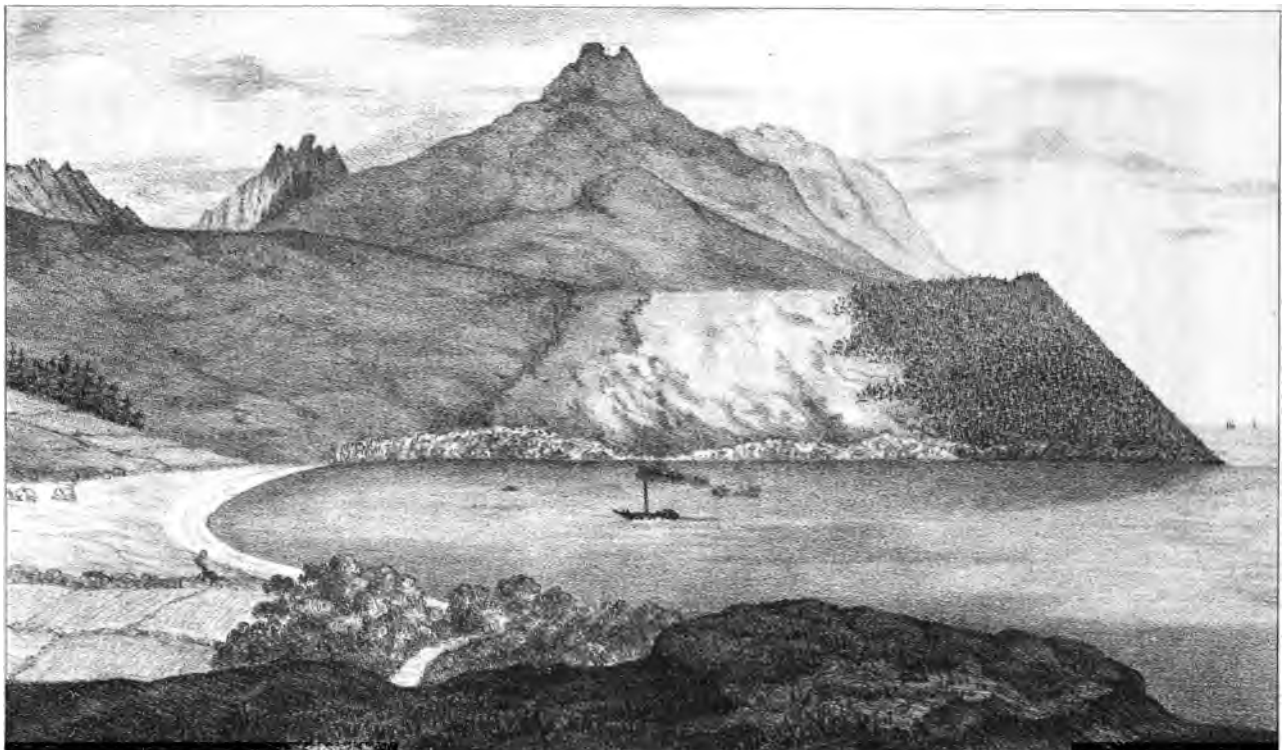

Drawn from Nature & on Stone by E.A. Phipps. Printed by L.M. Lefevre.

Bay of Brodik.

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outline rested clearly on the sky. The conflict was plainly relinquished for the night; the antagonists had proclaimed a truce, and those heavy battalions which had lately been set in formidable array, were now wheeling off, and the silence of nightfall was hushing all to rest: e'en giant's sleep! At this moment I heard a frightful shriek high above me in the sky; and, on looking up, I perceived an eagle making its way to the mountains for the night. A silvery cloud, almost in the zenith, betokened the appearance of the queen of night! Oh! how gloriously did she ride out of it, and enter on her course through the deep blue sky, for blue it still was, though the sun had set an hour ago. The stars began to peep out, the light-house on the Little Cumbræ was twinkling in the distant horizon, and many a stream of silvery light was poured forth upon the inland glens and rivulets. I fell into a trance of ecstatic thoughts while gazing on this lovely scene. Yon moon, thought I, is one among the many silent witnesses to eternal truth. She has been testifying to countless ages of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Almighty. She is moreover a pledge of God's covenant with his ancient people; and welcome, thrice welcome that happy time when Israel shall see the performance of the saying that is written, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself." But nightfall compelled me to hasten my steps to Brodick, and bidding adieu to these lovely scenes, I made towards the village, where the

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flickering lights from many a casement, afforded a beacon to the way-worn traveller. Suddenly the moon emerged from her hiding place, and shed a pillar of silvery radiance on an inland stream and cascade, just as we were crossing the bridge. The reflection was beautiful, and the soft murmuring of the waters over their tiny bed, was indeed liquid melody in our ears! Fatigued as we were by the manifold adventures of the day, there was much to keep the thoughts awake in surveyance of scenes which were quite faded away from the visual sense. How true it is that the enjoyments which nature affords to man, are as unsatiating as they are unnumbered! they occasion no regret in the retrospect, and the repetition of them produces increased taste for them, and delight in them. How different were my feelings at the close of a day thus spent in exploring the beauties of creation, from what they would have been, had I mingled in the crowd of dissipation, and plunged with them into the vortex of what are called "fashionable amusements!" The most enthusiastic votaries of worldly pleasure are those who most quickly turn with nausea from the cup which it presents to them; whereas those who drink from Nature's pure streams, find a gratification unmingled and unabated. Such were my feelings as I retired to rest, hoping to recover sufficient strength for the toils which awaited me on the morrow.

On that day we attempted the ascent of Goatfell, no

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easy task, nor is it easy to recount the adventures of that day of excessive fatigue, and unparalleled enjoyment. The morning proved bright without a single cloud, and every object however distant was distinctly visible. The early part of the journey was a mere toiling up hills of hether. The mountains of granite before us began to look very formidable, and something whispered, is it possible that we shall ever stand upon that gigantic peak that seems almost to reach the sky! However our good old guide noticed these desponding thoughts, and immediately began to occupy our minds otherwise, that we might be less sensible of the fatigues we were undergoing. By the bye, I have omitted to give my reader a formal introduction to this personage, who will figure for awhile in the scene of my adventures. In fact this is the good old patriarch of the mountains to whom I made a cursory allusion in a preceding chapter. Sandy Crawford is his name, and he has been the only guide to Goatfell for the last fourteen years.

I soon perceived much originality of character about him. He gave me the whole history of his family, and entered minutely into the system of education he had pursued with his children; and the simplicity with which he described their daily meettings to read the Scriptures together, and the unsophisticated, pious strain of his discourse, pleased me not a little. He seemed quite a stranger to artifice, no one could suspect him of attempting to get up an effect in order to work upon our sympathies.

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In reply to his own stock of information, which was pretty considerable, allowing for his having lived all his life upon this island—he required from me many details concerning England, more especially respecting the Queen. He was very anxious to know whether the Queen would be likely to visit Arran—what the Queen would give a body like him if he took the trouble of travelling all the way to London on purpose to see her—and whether there were any good inns to be found in London, where a body like him could be comfortable—he had heard that the inns there were very bad, and full of noisy, drunken men, and as he was very frugal in his own habits, this would not suit him at all. He dwelt some time upon the fact that the Queen was no *Romanist*, that she would forfeit her crown if she ever became such. I perceived also that his mind was strongly tinctured with predestinarian notions. On one occasion, we came to the edge of a frightful precipice, and he told me that a few years ago, a gentleman was killed there. He was overtaken by a fog, the wind had blown off his hat, and in running after it, he did not perceive he was on the brink of a precipice, and he fell over, and was dashed to atoms. His daughter was on a pony near the spot at the time.

Seeing how much I was affected by this melancholy event, Sandy said to me—"Ah! lady, that was the death he was to die, and he could not avoid it." There is much truth in this doctrine when men know how to use it, but, when placed in some hands, it

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emits the poison of fatalism. Passing along through some boggy land, we came to a stream where the guide showed me a stone on which he had lately killed three vipers. This alarmed me not a little, as it would be impossible to avoid treading on some of of these reptiles, if they should happen to be concealed among the hether, and, at such a distance from all medical aid, and buried as we were among the rocks and mountains, it would have been doubly distressing. However we passed safely through these last symptoms of vegetation :—hether, juniper, and moss, wild strawberry, and an endless variety of lichens, had hitherto been strewed around us; but now we perceived tremendous walls of bare granite on each side, without the slightest vestige of any green thing. The extraordinary upheaving of these primary rocks, their stern aspect, and their apparently inaccessible heights, combined to form a species of sublimity which quite overpowered the mind. At length we arrived within a few hundred feet of the summit, and here, to my great consternation, we found immense upright slabs of granite, piled one above another, and how to clamber up them, was a problem which I could by no means solve. But even this Herculean effort we accomplished through the assistance of the guide; and now we were actually standing upon the highest peak of Goatfell. Never were the skies more propitious than on this day: no cloudlet interposed our view of the magnificent panorama which now lay around us. We were 2930

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feet above the level of the sea: this mountain is inferior in height to Ben Lomond, but incomparably more difficult of access. We saw sixteen Scotch isles, besides the counties of Perth, Stirling, Argyllshire, Ayrshire, and Galloway. The promontory and bay of Londonderry, and the neighbouring coast of Ireland were distinctly visible: the Grampian chain, including Ben Lomond, Ben Cruachon, Ben Ledi, were telling clearly upon the sky. The islands we saw were Rathrys off Londonderry, Sanda near Cantire, Isla, Jura, Colynsa, Mull, Inchmarnock, Bute, Little Cumbræ, Meikle Cumbræ, Horse Island near Ardrossan, Lady Mary off the bay between Ayr and Troon, Ailsa Craig, Holy Island in the harbour of Lamlash, Pladda isle, and Arran, on whose summit we were standing.

By the way, speaking of the two Cumbræs, I may as well mention an amusing and well-known anecdote respecting the unsophisticated pastor who once presided over them. It is said that in his daily invocations, he was in the habit of praying for "the Great and Little Cumbræ, and the *adjacent island* of Great Britain!" So contracted are our ideas of external nature! and so complacently do we look on our own little microcosm, unconscious of our own nothingness, and wrapped in our imagined self-importance! Who after this will doubt the advantages of locomotion, and deny that travelling expands and improves the mind?

We drank some clear water from a fissure, and

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began our downward course, as we had many hours' toil yet before us ere the close of day. Not aware of the immense fatigues that we should undergo, we had neglected to bring any provisions save a sandwich and an apple! But for the benefit of future lady pedestrians, I must reiterate the advice of our sober guide, who assured us that it is absolutely necessary, on such an occasion as this, to be provided with a little mountain dew! as it revives the spirits without occasioning drowsiness, which would be very dangerous in the subsequent part of the journey. Therefore startle not fair reader when you find me recommending a taste of Scotch whiskey! The descent of Goatfell I found far more terrific and dangerous than the ascent: we were now urging our course towards the pass which separates Glen Rosa from Glen Sannox. The word *glen* had quite misled me. I imagined that we were about to descend into some richly wooded valley, with a pretty stream running through it, and I longed to exchange the rude and bare rocks, for so soft a region; but what was my surprise to behold the wild desolation and immense confusion which reigned in these glens! The descent into them was terrific, and when we reached the gigantic wall of granite that separates Glen Rosa from Glen Sannox, fresh difficulties, and greater toil than we had yet encountered, lay before us.

There was a perpendicular precipice which ap-

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peared not less than a thousand feet in depth, judging by the comparative heights we had already passed. We had to descend on one side of this precipice, where small crags of projecting granite served as stepping-stones. Having accomplished this alarming descent, we had to toil through several miles of hether, which grows here as high as gooseberry bushes, and is so stubborn that it offers great resistance, as you are plodding through it. Moreover, it conceals deep fissures in the rocks, so that the traveller can have no security unless he keeps close to the footsteps of the guide.

The peculiar sublimity offered by this scene, has been well described thus. "It is in Glen Sannox, above all," says M'Culloch, "that the effects arising from magnitude of dimension, combined with breadth of forms, and with simplicity of composition and of coloring, are most strongly felt." When we had traversed the glen, we had to cut across a stream close to a quarry of pareita, which has lately been opened. This mineral is found to be of great use in forming paints, and is a substitute for white lead. At the foot of Glen Sannox is a small cottage, and here we were delighted to enter, and obtain some homely fare, which we greatly needed after our intense exertions. Old Sandy lighted his pipe, and toasted the Queen and ourselves with bonny good grace, as he drank his porter, and helped to dry our wet shoes at the cottager's fire. We then set off in

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a jaunting car for Brodik, and had a beautiful moonlight drive along the sea-shore, enjoying the rich foliage which skirts the road.

We passed the great lime quarry of Corry in which many interesting organic remains of animals have been found. I shall close this chapter on the beauties of the Isle of Arran, with an extract from the "Scottish Guardian," which will convince the reader that my descriptions have not been over-drawn, but that there is in fact an inexhaustible resource of nature's charms on this lovely isle.

"The shores exhibit an endless profusion of exquisite maritime views, now projecting in bold headlands and cliffs, now receding in wave-worn caverns and tranquil bays. The varied beaches are overhung with the wildest vegetation, and old ivy clings to the trees and cliffs, 'all green and wildly fresh without, though worn and grey beneath." The Bay of Brodik, with its marine villas and animated hamlet, retiring upon the romantic valleys of Glenrosa, Glensheraig, and Glencoy, presents an unequalled picture of peace, simplicity, and loveliness; and the land-locked Bay of Lamlash, with the Holy Isle rising 900 feet at its mouth, and the pretty village curving along the beach, possesses capacity for the fleet of an empire riding in security. Every part of the island is characterized, more or less, by scenes of grandeur and simplicity, or of calm and romantic beauty. It is a choice spot for a summer retreat; and, were the noble proprietor disposed to gratify

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their wishes, there are hundreds who would gladly avail themselves of his permission to pitch their dwellings there. The principal proprietor is His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, who is superior of the island. In one of the two parishes into which it is divided, His Grace's rental is £4412; in the other, £6000; total, £10412. The Hon. Mr. Westenra has property to the amount of £500 in yearly rental; and that of the only other proprietor, Capt. Fullarton, is £210. The total number of acres cultivated is 10,920, the island being about twenty miles in length by ten in breadth."

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THE MOUNTAINS OF ARRAN.

At eventide I wander through the glen,
In search of Nature's beauties, and to watch
From far, the sun-set behind modest Bute:
While rays of living gold with diadem crown
The hoary summit of the Monarch Mount.
Goatfell is deck'd in robes of majesty;
That granite is his diamond and ruby;
Those purple waters are his circling zone,
And royal purple mantles his huge form:
While yet, at intervals, beneath that robe,
(Which the soft shades of evening have bestowed,
To fend him from the most obliquious shafts,
Injected by the burning god of time,)
A variegated vestment still appears;
From flowery hether, juniper, and moss,
And many an untold tenant of the soil,
Deriving its fair hues; for flow'rs there are,
Skirting that mountain's brow, which* wise ones prize,
Because conceal'd from mortal ken, they "blush
And waste their sweetness in the desert air."

* Goatfell, and indeed the whole island, is discovered to be a rich field for botanists.

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But not *alone* stands Goatfell on the isle,
Surveying, in dread solitude, his claim
To sovereignty "from centre to the sea:"
Yon great ones throng obsequious around,
They are his vassal chieftains, proud to own
Inferiority;—for, like dependant ones,
They claim some consequence, by virtue of
Proximity to grandeur, and they gain
In other coin, the homage which they yield.
See! yonder sycophant, 'neath azure sky—
Kereebhore (the Coxcomb) his well known name,
Watch his conceited gambols with the clouds,
That dare, like summer flies, approach his head.
Methinks he claims identity and kin,
To certain fops, who, deck'd in war attire,
Complacently adjust their lofty mien;
As 'mighty men of valour,' they are held,
In peaceful times, untested and unknown.
Oh! how unlike the veteran that has seen
The heat and burden of a battle day.
Ben Nuash! (the Hill of Storms) is such an one,
Tempest and Time have wrinkled thee 'tis true,
But still in veneration thou art held,
For many a rude foe hast thou withstood;
The hurricanos fierce, the lightning's blast,

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E'en Vulcan's subterraneous magazines,
Igniting with tremendous consequence,
Have threaten'd oft to rend thee limb from limb,
And strew thy carcase in the desert vale;
Crumbling to 'ashes' thy once noble form,
And mingling 'dust' with 'dust,' erect a moun-
tain-grave!
But thou, as yet, hast borne the tempest's shock,
Outlived the blast of dread combustibles,
And, cent'ry after cent'ry rolling on,
Bequeaths a crown of glory to thy brow;
Else, how came here these various diadems,
* Bespeaking each a date anterior to the rest?
But see! the black artill'ry of the skies,
Ev'n now in threat'ning attitude appears:
'Tis not a flimsy fancy of the brain,
Imagination works not now, but all
Assumes a form of dread reality.
The winds, let loose, like winged monsters fly
Round †Goatfell's hollow caverns, mutt'ring fierce,

* Geologists have discovered recent formations of granite on these mountains; the separate growth of various ages may be traced, and the young granite, shooting through the mass of antecedent formations.

† (The Hill of Winds.)

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And now, abruptly wheeling round, they rest,
As though accomplishing some secret aim;
And, hov'ring for a moment o'er the ear
Of the huge Monarch, whisper him of war,
And fill his soul with dread expectancies.
Time was, when fearful messengers like these,
With howl terrific, and with *rapid stride*,
Alarm'd the inhabitant's of yonder vale,
And ghostly fears their timid hearts assailed;
For *Kaim-na-Caillich tells of days of yore,
When witches, claiming a gigantic form,
Would stalk their 'three leagu'd boots' from mount to mount,
And practise many a necromantic art.
But we, the sober-minded and the free,
Deride the superstitions of those days,
And Kaim-na-Caillich has no fears for me.

But while I linger o'er these days of yore,
Imagination, still indulging—lo! the scenes,

* (The Old Wife's Step.) Tradition, which has fixed this singular epithet on one of these mountain peaks, declares that, in "auld times," a wonder-working witch stepped across from one mountain to the other, and the guide points you to a hollow scoop, or natural basin, between the two mountains, where this colossal stride is said to have been achieved.

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That open on the mountain field beyond,
Demand my strict attention, and I glow
With earnest expectation, as I wait
The issue of the combat now begun.
Cloud upon cloud, in file and flank arrang'd,
Cloud upon cloud, till thick battalions join;
And now the heavy phalanx stealing on,
By one* swift moment gains the vantage ground,
Encompasses the 'great one,' and propels
The first terrific and portentous charge:
Volumes of smoke proclaim the war begun.
How fares our Monarch? is he well prepared
To meet the onset, and repel the foe?
Behold him foremost in the battle field!
Apprized of their approach, he stands aloft,
Like Israel's Monarch, he erects his head
Above his fellow warriors, waits the charge,
Invites to conflict, and *attracts* the foe.
Lo! now his vassals shall abide the test;
The issue of this combat shall proclaim
The justice of the cognomen they bear.
Where now is Kereebhore? Already fled?

* It is interesting to watch a heavy body of clouds as they come within the attraction of a mountain; they fly to it with the rapidity of a needle to the magnet.

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Oh! tell it not in Gath!—I saw a host
Of th' enemy turn scornfully away,
Avoiding conflict with so mean a foe;
While he, too vain to note the injury
And insult offer'd to his pride, remains
Wrapt in his self-complacency! lo! now
Th' indulgent skies, in pretty mockery!
Have hung luxurious o'er this soft one's head
A canopy of blue!—well guarded now,
He tamely looks on the soul-stirring scene,
While 'distance lends enchantment to' his 'view.'
Not so Ben Nuash!—*he* the battle braves,
'Tis not the first in which he nobly toil'd.
I saw him plunge into the thickest cloud,
Presenting their the bosses of his shield,
And sternly grappling with the potent foe.
Enwrapp'd in smoke and darkness long he strove.
But witness now the issue of the fight:
The cloud battalions, slowly moving off,
Resign the honors of the battle field.
Ben Nuash proudly rides from out the storm,
And seems all-conscious of a vict'ry won!

But turn we now the telescope towards scenes
Of peace and loveliness in yonder vale:

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Forget awhile 'the articles of war,'
Dismiss thy thoughts from 'jarring elements,'
And yield thy soul to gentle influences.
How placid is the surface of that bay!
Reflecting every beauty but its own!
And ocean too!—no billows now disturb
Its calm—apt emblem of eternity!
Around me, spread in panoramic view,
Are rustic scenes of sweet simplicity.
The verdant fields, the richly wooded glens,
The countless hues of autumn's livery,
The leaves deciduous, and the songters gay,
The curling smoke from many a "peasant's nest,'
The glittering sun-beams on the window pane
Of many a low-roof'd cot along that coast:—
These, and a thousand such, attract my eye,
Oft quoted, and oft seen, indeed 'tis true,
But never wearisome, still fresh they seem
As that pure air which daily we inhale;
Fresh and unsatiating, they yet retain
Their pow'r to charm the soul, and when combined
With yonder scenes of dread sublimity,
They gain by contrast and comparison.
But hark! a sound at length has reach'd my ear,
It, doubtless, issues from the sportsman's gun,

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And, borne in undulations through the air,
A sound responsive from yon mountain flies—
Strange sequence! as if nature had bestow'd
Some pow'r of utt'rance on those giant forms;
And now again the hollow sound renew'd,
Provokes the list'ning mountain to repeat
His wonted mock'ry!—he resumes the note,
And sends it dying through the distant air.
But lo! the misty shades of evening rise
In forms fantastic from their sepulchre.
Reluctantly I quit this hether hill,
And slow descending its declivity,
I linger for one moment o'er a spot
That tells of byegone days—a Druid stone
Is here, fraught with instruction—on't I read
A page of human hist'ry—here I learn
Much that perplexes me—for who can tell
The countless freaks of blind humanity?
From age to age man's passions take the mould
Of outward circumstance—but is he then
In *nature* chang'd—no, that remains the same.
A soul endow'd with reason, and design'd
For immortality—a heart depraved,
But capable of tender sympathies—
These from the essence of the being—man—

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And howso'er developed they attest
Identity in every clime and age.
The Druid, with his superstitious rites,
And thirst for human blood, excites our ire;
But are we indeed free from kindred vice?
Have we no principles at work within,
As deadly in their influence, as his?
Alas! the Druid may proclaim our shame,
Blest, beyond him, with "wisdom from above."
But learn this truth, arising from the rest,
That nought but Pow'r Divine can e'er produce
Regeneration of the human kind.

Descending now upon the sandy beach,
I quaff the breeze, and watch the flowing tide;
Night falls upon the mountains, and the moon
Comes riding proudly through the silv'ry sky,
To take possession of a vacant throne.
Lo! in th' horizon, far beyond, I see
The light-house spark on Little Cumbræ,
And brilliants, set in the deep vault of heav'n,
Contribute their resplendence to the scene.
A shriek terrific now assails my ear,
It issues from some tenant of the skies;
Truly!—an eagle to the mountain hies,

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But nightfall bids me hasten from the beach,
And Brodik's cottages a beacon yield
To guide my inland course—I bid adieu
To mountain, sea, and glen, and while I tread
The silent path where yellow moon-beams shine,
I yield my soul to lunar influences.
Soften'd sublimity lulls every sense :
The placid progress of the lovely one,
Through realms of purest ether;—so benign,
And yet so stately her resplendent form!
Nature seems conscious of her gentle sway.
In breathless silence all terrestrial things
Express their homage to to the 'gracious queen!'
In thoughts too big for utterance, I scan
The ages past of her momentous reign.

Millions of human kind have come and gone,
Fulfill'd their destiny, received their doom,
Since by creative pow'r that "lesser light"
Was placed in "firmament"—"to rule the night."
A silent monitor of Pow'r Divine—
An 'ord'nance' of unerring rectitude—
A cov'nant witness of the "Lord of Hosts"—
A sacred pledge of Israel's future bliss—
All these bright offices she has fulfill'd,

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And, wrapt in admiration, I behold
Her, still fulfilling her allotted sphere—
Let me but prove as faithful to my God!
Then shall I ne'er regret the path I've trod,
When call'ed by death to rest beneath the sod!

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CHAPTER X.

Such, reader, is a faint outline of some of the beauties of the Clyde. To attempt to embrace its aggregate attractions, a much larger volume than the present, and a much abler pen than mine, would be necessary. In fact, this region of Scotch scenery is distinguished by the infinite variety which it presents; the painter, the historian, the antiquary, the geologist, may yet find fresh materials, untouched by his predecessors, who have explored these districts. The author of an interesting work, entitled "Strath Clutha; or, the Beauties of the Clyde," (containing upwards of eighty scenes) acknowledges that, so far from having exhausted the subject, "an additional volume of the same size, and of equal interest, could, with ease, be formed from so prolific a source." The twelve lithographic drawings which I have been enabled to insert into this work, are by no means the most interesting scenes which that river presents. They are of sufficient interest to be inserted as illustrative of my delineations, and, to many, they will have a local interest, (if I may so speak,) which the general reader cannot appreciate. The Family Mausoleum at Gourock, for instance, will be valued chiefly, if not entirely, by those who knew and loved the precious ones whose earthly remains are there deposited, and who are acquainted with the melancholy circum-

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stances which have lately clad a numerous family in weeds of mourning and woe. But although the peculiar interest of the spot can only be felt within a limited circle, there is enough in human sympathy and human frailty to render the regions of mortality interesting to all; and, each one, as he contemplates death, (and who should not contemplate it?) may learn some salutary lesson at the grave of a fellow mortal, who "being dead, yet speaketh."—

"Oft as I hear the solemn knell
Proclaim a brother dead;
Whither?—enquires my soul with awe,—
Is now the spirit fled?"

Nor is there *necessarily implied* in this enquiry, aught that is calculated to fill the mind with *gloom*. True religion, which is the only antidote to the sting of death, sheds a present peace, and imparts an earnest of future joy, which renders the grave a pleasant prospect. I have read of one, who, being thus imbued, uttered her dying testimony to the power of religion over the grave. "If this be dying," said she, "it is a *pleasant thing* to die." So thought one, who, not long since, was laid in Gourock Mausoleum! Human panegyric defaces not those walls; but one precious motto from the volume of everlasting consolation, reminds her sorrowing friends that, "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

But I have been wandering from the more imme-

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diate subject of the present chapter, and I feel almost disposed to apologize to the reader for this digression.

The Clyde—its manifold beauties—its topography —its commercial importance—its relics of antiquity —these are the principal subjects on which I now solicit the reader's attention.

In alluding to the beauties of the Clyde, it is obvious that I have hitherto omitted any reference to its Falls, and this for a very sufficient reason—I was not fortunate enough to manage a visit to them. But even had this gratification been awarded me, it is not probable that I should have attempted a graphic delineation of what has been already offered to the public, in a variety of ways—Many are the travellers who annually visit the Falls of the Clyde; and, at the inn of Lanark, there is a book for receiving the names of visitors, in which the following impromptu lines were inserted at a distant period.

"What fools are mankind,
And how strangely inclined,
To come from all places
With horses and chaises,
By day and by dark,
To the Falls of Lanark!
For, good people, after all,
What is a waterfall?
It comes roaring and grumbling,
And leaping and tumbling,
And hopping and skipping,
And foaming and dripping,
And struggling and toiling,

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And bubbling and boiling,
And beating and jumping,
And bellowing and thumping.
I have much more to say upon
Both Corra, Lynn, and Bonniton,
But the trunks are tied on,
And I must be gone" —*

In a slight topographic sketch of the Clyde, it will be necessary to mention, that as an arm of the sea, its surface, until you reach Port Glasgow, presents the alternations of calm and agitation usually observable on that saline element. I have seen the troubled waves of the Clyde tossing, and, as it were, lashing themselves into a fury which might well be expressed in the language of the prophet Jeremiah—"there is sorrow on the sea; it cannot rest." Sea-weed and sea-gulls, and polypi, and various marine productions and marine animals, may be found on its shores.

The commercial importance of the Clyde is obvious when we consider the prosperity of the City of Glasgow, and the extensive trade which it carries on. The navigation of this river, with a view of facilitating commerce, has, of late years, been wonderfully improved; dredging machines have been employed for deepening the river in its approach to Glasgow, so that now large East Indiamen can safely ride into the quay of the Broomielaw. The steam navigation of

* I am indebted to the author of "Strath Clutha" for the collation of these impromptu lines.

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the Clyde was a project which has immortalized the name of Henry Bell; and the number of steamers that daily traverse its waters, must astonish the beholder.

With regard to the relics of antiquity, and objects of historic interest, few rivers can boast of so many as the Clyde. The fortfied Rock of Dumbarton, contains, within itself, an epitome of Scoteh annals during a most interesting era of their national history.

From ancient chronicles, it appears, that the early Britons and the Romans used this rock as a fortress, and, in subsequent ages, it was considered of great importance in the civil wars of Scotland.

A writer of the fourteenth century describes it thus:—

"And pass on furtherwarde to Dunbertayne,
A castle strong, and harde for to obtaine;
In which castle Saincte Patrike was borne,
That afterward in Irelande did winne:
Aboute the whiche (Dunbarton) floweth even and morne,
The western seas, without noyse or dinne;
When farthe of the same, the streames dooe rinne.
Twise in xxiv hours, and without faile;
That no man maie that strong castle assaile."

This castle was one, among the many strongholds, which was surrendered to Edward I, of England. In subsequent reigns it was held under the Kings of England, and the Lennox family, for a long time, had possession of it; but, since the union, it has been annexed to the crown, and, in the articles of the

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union, it has been stipulated, that this, as well as Stirling Castle, and one or two others, should never be dismantled.

In the armoury, which is but a small one, the sword of that brave patriot Wallace, is preserved with religious veneration. It is of an enormous size, being upwards of five feet in length, and is a two-edged sword. Some rather invidious comparisons might be instituted between our warriors of the present day, and the athletic figures of our ancestors, who could wield, with convenience, weapons so cumbersome as this; but, perhaps, it may be replied, that, what we have lost in corporeal vigour, we have gained in scientific skill.

In one part of the fortifications, there is a small state-prison, in which General Simon, a French officer, was confined for two years. He had broken his parole of honor to the English, and made his escape to France, but, being re-captured, he was again sent over to England, and confined in Dumbarton Castle till the peace.

Dunglass Castle, which has, also, been slightly noticed in a former part of this work, and a small view of which has been given, is another remnant of antiquity on the banks of the Clyde. Its name in Gaelic signifies "The Grey Fortress."

John Leighton, Esq., who has contributed his Historical and Descriptive Illustrations to the work entitled "Strath Clutha," gives the following notice, as to the antiquity of Dunglass Castle:—

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"It was a Roman station, and is alleged, by several authors, to have formed the western termination of the great wall of Antonine, which traversed the country from the Forth to the Clyde, and formed the boundary of the Roman Empire. This wall was strengthened and defended by nineteen forts, judiciously placed at regular distances, of about two miles from each other, exclusive of those at the two extremities. While some allege Dunglass to be the termination of the wall, others are of opinion that it has been at Kilpatrick, about a mile and a half higher up the river. But wherever it did precisely terminate, there is no doubt that this was a Roman fort before the present castle had its existence; and that it served as a protection to the shipping in Bowling Bay, in its immediate neighbourhood. The principal harbour, however, and the most commodious mart of the Romans, no doubt, was at Dumbarton, generally considered to have been the Theodosia of the lower empire."

Can it be doubted that many other objects of equal interest to the antiquary exist along the shores of the Clyde? Dumbarton and Dunglass Castle I here produce as mere specimens, but there are innumerable relics, to be met with on this coast, of castles and other buildings, attributed to early Britons, to the Romans, to the Danes, and Norwegians, and, (as my reader will not have forgotten) some speaking mementos of Spanish invasion.

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The ancient castles of Dunoon, Rothsay, Ardrossan, and many others, may be cited, as well as those of Fairlie and Porten Cross, (which have already been alluded to in a former part of this work,) as further proofs that antiquarian research will be well rewarded in these districts.

In fact, this beautiful river has so many and varied attractions, that I may safely recommend the lover of nature, and the lover of romance, to make a pilgrimage thither—a pilgrimage not tedious in its progress, but lately rendered so easy, by the swift powers of loco-motion, which modern travellers may employ. Instead of resorting to our fashionable watering-places in England, where, as Wilberforce has well expressed it, we behold "Piccadilly by the sea," how easy is it to repair to some of the quiet watering-places on the Clyde, where the mind may be entertained from so many different sources, at the same time that the animal frame is invigorated by alternations of fine mountain air, and sea breezes!

To the true lover of nature, these sequestered spots, where sublimity in colossal attitude sits enthroned, there is much to elevate the feelings, and gratify the imagination. There is a species of enthusiasm, pure in its nature, and harmless in its results. It is in such regions—apart from the noisy din of the Great Babel—that the voice of nature is most audible, and her language most easily understood. Yes, to the Christian, nature is but another name for God, and, in his survey of the material creation, he beholds the

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workmanship of infinite intelligence, and the bountiful provision of goodness, as unbounded as it is unmerited. He can

"Appropriate Nature as his Father's work."

Our Christian poet has beautifully expressed this sentiment, when speaking of the varied scenes of Nature, he says:—

"Are they not his, by a peculiar right,
And, by an emphasis of int'rest his—
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy love;
Whose heart with joy, and whose exalted mind,
With noble thoughts of that unwearied love,
That planned, and built, and still upholds, a world,
So fraught with beauty, for rebellious man.

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CONCLUSION.

And now the time is come when I am to bid adieu to Scotland. I have dreaded its approach — but come it must—the dearest friends must part—the fairest visions must grow dim. All I have seen of Scotland has attached me to it. I have seen a rare union of national hospitality with genuine Christian courtesy, forming a striking contrast to that finespun politeness which means nothing among the airy sons of fashion,

> "Where smooth good breeding, (supplemental grace!)
> With lean performance apes the work of love."

I have seen family ties kept sacred—"the third and fourth generation rising up before the hoary head, and honoring the God of their fathers."

I have seen the ordinances of the Sabbath strictly observed. In our own land, alas! with the majority of the people, this distinction is practically disregarded. They take their pleasure on God's holy day; yea, they "buy and sell, and get gain."

But, in Scotland, the very habitudes of society are opposed to such profanation. It is considered as an offence against the community when a man violates the laws of the Sabbath.

I have seen the discipline of the church firmly upheld. As a Member of the Church of England—

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an admirer of her ritual—an advocate of her formularies:—I may still be allowed to say, that, in point of discipline, the Church of Scotland is her superior. Where is it more difficult for churchmen to counterfeit piety, for laymen to live in open defiance of the ordinances of religion, than in Scotland? where every barrier is placed against heresy, immorality, and irreligion of every kind. If the people of Scotland are wanting in vital godliness, it is not because their watchmen are allowed to be "as dumb dogs that will not bark"—it is not because the "idol shepherd prophesies smooth things"—but because the "carnal mind," wherever it be found, is "enmity against God;" and, this being the case, not the most orthodox creed, nor the most unflinching fidelity, on the part of the minister, will avail, "until the spirit be poured out from on high, and the wilderness become a fruitful field."—

But, as I have before hinted, the time is come when I am to take leave of this happy land. The kind offices of friendship, too sacred for detail, must now, in a measure, cease—the pleasant spots, that have witnessed some of my most thrilling emotions, are fast receding from my view. I strain my eyes to catch the last glimpse of Gourock, as swiftly we cross its bay—and now the fleeting vision is quite past. Is it not a picture of human life? Where is the bright spot that does not owe half its brightness to the gloomy shade around? But, I am called to look about me. All is confusion, bustle, and noise. The

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deck is thronged with passengers of every grade. What a commotion they are making among all that luggage, dragging it about the wet and slippery deck! What a tremendous burst of passion from that stentor throat!—they say he is getting up his steam! But I have no heart to amuse myself with this busy scene. The fog and rain drive me to seek shelter below. I cast one sad, lingering look on each side of the vessel, and bid a melancholy adieu to mountain, rock, and bay: the thought, 'when shall I see you again?' rather tends to foster a melancholy gloom —but it will not do. Why should I, by indulging in useless repinings, chase away the pleasures of retrospect, which often are as exquisite as those of the moment! There is *poetry* in retrospect: it is an Elysean hour when we can fling back our thoughts to wander o'er the past. But to the Christian, there is *gratitude* in retrospect—gratitude for the many mercies scattered round his path. And is not that a cheering thought? Does it not shed a brightness over the visions that memory recals? Just as the last beams of the setting sun, open afresh those scenes which were but lately enveloped in the falling shades of evening: so does this word, gratitude, gild with renovated brightness the visions of fair objects which were fast sinking below the mental horizon.—— Farewell! then Scotland!—and when I say it, I feel as though I had caught a glow from the fire of enthusiasm which thy sons have kept up through so many generations. I saw it blazing on the mountain

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tops, and in the valleys, I felt its warmth. May it never be extinguished! May thy sons, O Scotland! be for ever the guardians of that sacred fire!

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SCOTLAND! FAREWELL!

Fareweel! to the land where the thistle grows,
And the moor its purple mantle shews—
Fareweel! to the land where the mist descends,
And to fancy its grotesque form lends—
Fareweel! to Strath Clutha, to ev'ry wave,
That kisses the shore it comes to lave—
Fareweel! to the mountain, islet, and bay,
Where oft I have watched the sun-set ray—
Fareweel! to the land where the Sabbath knell,
Is greeted by those who love it well—
Fareweel! to the friends who never forgot,
With kindly welcome t' endear that spot—
Fareweel! to ye now—I leave on your shore,
A *Mizpeh to speak when I'm no more.

* Jacob called that stone Mizpeh—and he said—"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."

FINIS.

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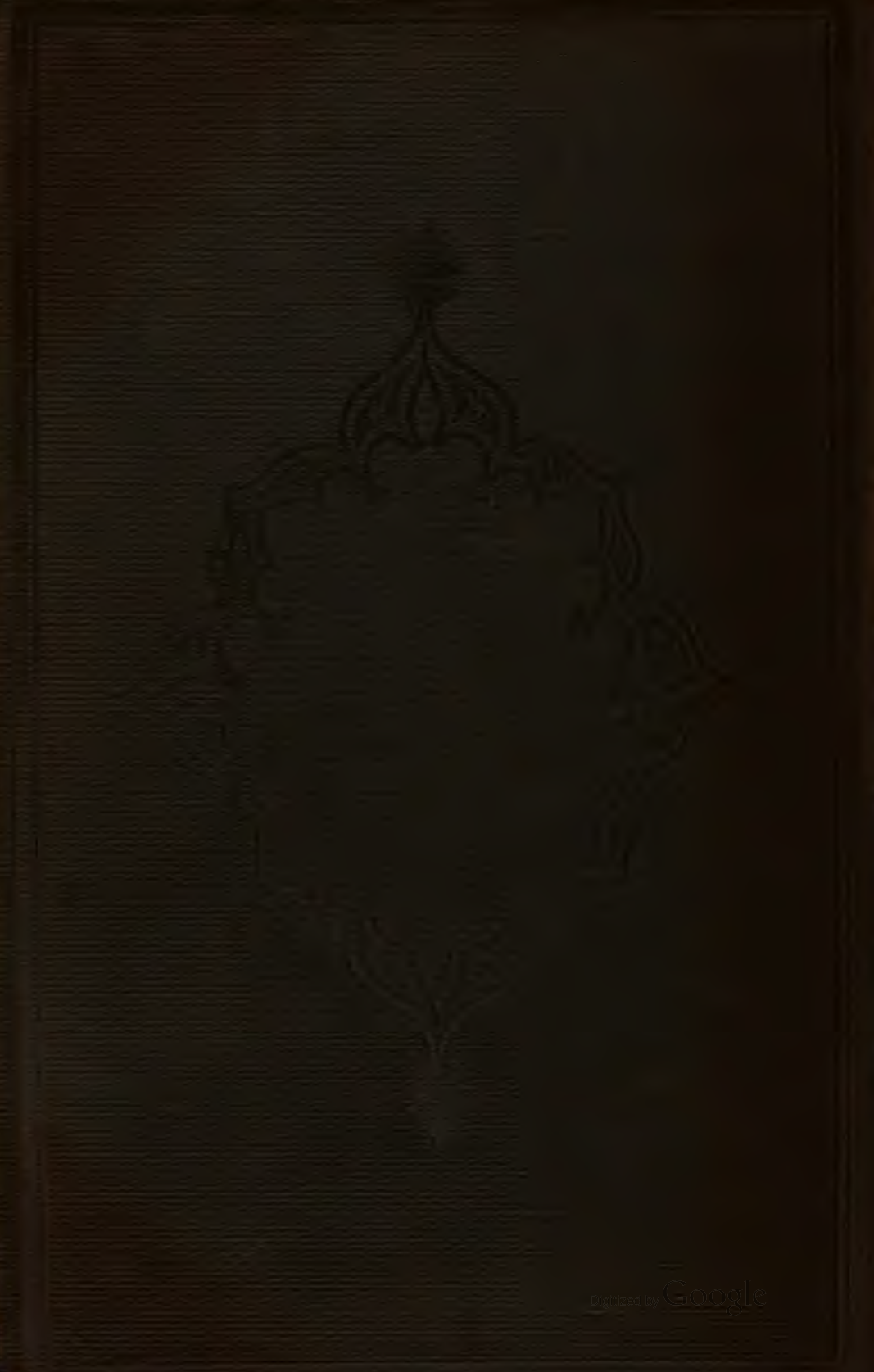
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